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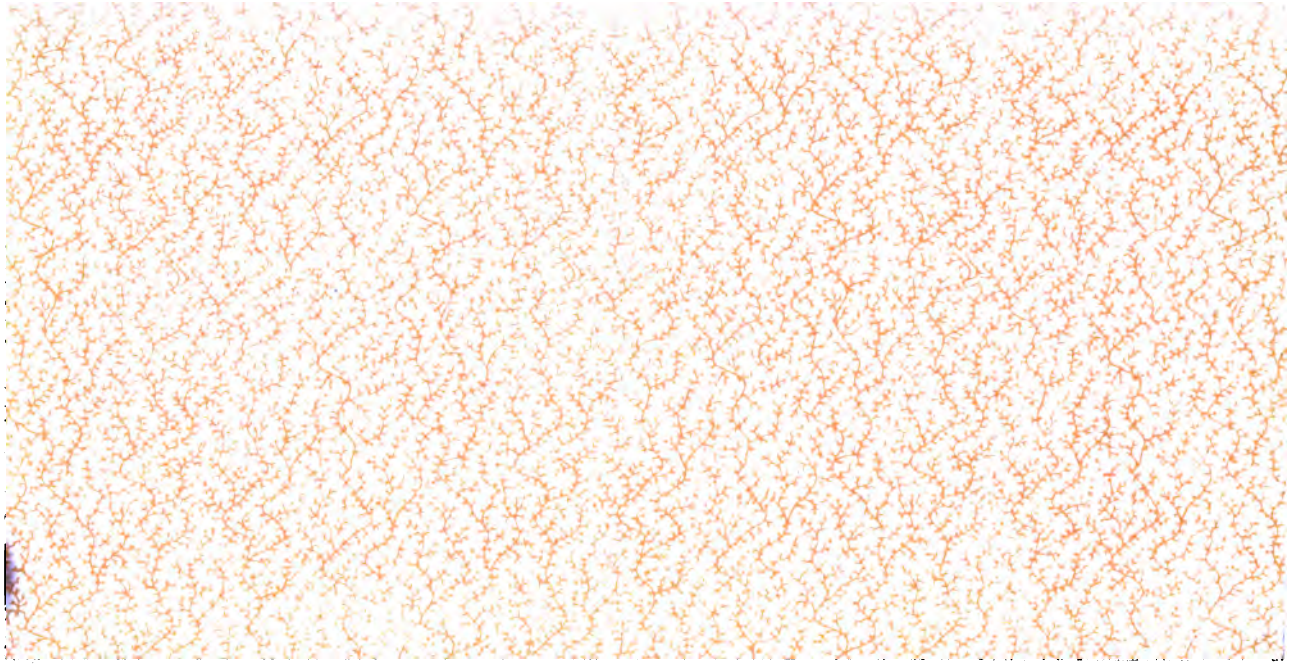

Lacks, p. 135-142

Ellen

1823

THE

# MEDLEY.

BY CATHARINE WELLER.

"Teach my best reason, reason,
"My best will, teach rectitude."

*Young.*

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' Teach my best reason, reason,
' My best will, teach rectitude.'
*Young.*"

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# THE MEDLEY.

## REVERY.

WITH sweetest fragrance flow'd the liquid air,
When woo'd by sober eve I sought the shade,
Where lucid moon-beams, thro' the pendant boughs,
Flecker'd with gloom, in motley figures play'd;
Night, in her loveliest robes array'd,
To Fancy's perchant still allows
Creative licence—soon through grot and glade
Her fairy phantoms rouse,
Clad as she lists, in vestments foul or fair,
And at her call the airy forms appear.

The grove thus peopling, pleas'd I stray'd afar,
Each care forgot (oh! luxury divine,
How sweet to harmonize with peace benign,
The mental powers, and earth-born views control;)
The reins of thought to fancy given,
She soar'd aloft from pole to pole,
Amid the starry host of heaven,
Who with unceasing order roll;
Or trac'd the path of Phœbus' flaming car,
Or sigh'd when thwart the dusk she met a falling star.

Gliding aslant, a horrid form appear'd
Of grisly hue and squinting eye;
Medusean adders round her temples rear'd
Their forked tongues, and hidden poisons ply;
Her bow by malice hand relentless strung,
And at her side th' envenom'd arrows hung.
Trembling she stood and gaz'd awhile,
When "horribly she grinn'd a ghastly smile."
Her aspect bolder grew by guilty practice sear'd,
When from her lurid lips these accents vile I heard:

"Hope not, vain mortal, that with spotless fame
"Thy days shall pass, though wisdom's lamp should guide,
"Or virtue shield, with ægis bright, thy way;
"Vice is a mark beneath my pride,
"He for himself contempt can well provide;
"Where worth her charms display,
"I point the missile dart,
"Pleas'd with the anguish of a noble heart;
"At merit's brightest sons I ever aim,
"The foe of truth, and Calumny my name."

I turn'd indignant, when, approaching near,
With steady step, a nymph as morning fair,
And breathing fragrance round,
Address'd me thus, with mild benignant air:
"Fear not that demon's threats; with me is found
"Content, that Calumny can never wound;
"My name is *Rectitude*, the friend of peace,
"Where'er I reign contending passions cease;
"To spurn each baser act be still thy care,
"When reason speaks attend, and all her laws revere;

" But lest thine eye deceitful vice allure,
" (For reason's light is frail) a guide more sure
" Is gentle Piety; implore her aid;
" Obey her precepts—soon you'll find,
" While conscience gives the plaudit sweet,
" Each venom'd dart fall pointless at thy feet."
With grateful rev'rence thus I pray'd;
Blest power, still lead my willing mind
Where virtue's rays pervade,
And meek religion fadeless joys procure.

## THE ORPHAN—A FRAGMENT.

WHERE did your parents die? My father died in New-York, and my mother at sea, on our passage over the Atlantic.—Alas! the remembrance of that distressful period returns to my imagination like the confused phantoms of a frightful dream. Exhausted of provisions, while yet far distant from harbour, the agonizing groans of the sick and dying were lost in the heart-rending lamentations of surviving friends. I could not obtain even a lamp with which to watch the last struggles of my expiring mother; and, with anxious solicitude, blended with fearful anticipation, awaited the approach of morn, for the sad consolation of once more beholding the lifeless form of my beloved parent, then to be consigned to the waves. But my misfortunes ended not here. When arrived at the destined haven, and deprived, by death, of my remaining parent, an unfeeling relative possessed himself of a competency bequeathed me by my father, and left me, as you see, a poor helpless wanderer.

—How old are you, Eliza? Just turned fifteen. Only fifteen! You have seen much trouble for one of your years? *Yes*, a *little*, said this lovely victim of adversity, with a sweet smile, that lighted up a countenance of the most perfect meekness and resignation that I ever saw, while a pearly drop stood trembling in her eye. Fair angel of patience! is it indeed but *little* to be thrown on a merciless world an unprotected orphan, on a foreign shore, at the tender age of fifteen! Shame to my repining ungrateful heart, said I, that it should swell with a sigh of discontent, while blest with a kind parent, surrounded by friends, with peace and plenty around my dwelling. True it is, we too often learn to estimate the value of blessings only by their loss, and often thanklessly repine over privations, which, in the petulance and satiety of possession, were trampled on as unworthy of regard. The mind, ever successful in procuring uneasiness for itself, can only be taught to subdue tinsinary *sorrow* by experiencing that which is real, which, when supported with patience, gives strength and dignity to the soul. Indeed, did we consider the miseries of others with half the feeling and interest with which we attend to our own slight inconveniences, we would say with Eliza, under the conviction of supernumerary undeserved mercies, "I have seen but little trouble."

## SONNET TO PEACE.

COME, gentle Peace, thou soothing power,
Diffuse thy beams—the cheerless hour
Retrieve from useless woe;

While darkness woos the world to rest,
Steal gently o'er my pensive breast,
And wakeful care forego.

The breezy hill, the purple dale,
Fann'd by the sweet enamour'd gale,
Where dewy odours live;
Unless thy presence gild the scene,
Flowers may blow and fields be green,
And yet no pleasure give.

While life's dark labyrinth I tread,
Should clouds impervious round me spread,
That chill with dire dismay,
Thy friendly aid be ever nigh,
To dry the tear, suppress the sigh,
And chase each gloom away.

'Tis not the joys of rusting wealth,
Nor the uncertain sweets of health
My thirsting soul does crave;
'Tis thou, sweet Peace, that dwells above,
The purchase of redeeming love,
That cheers beyond the grave.

## ORLIN AND EMMA—PASTORAL ELEGY.

FAR in a vale, where lonely riv'lets stray'd,
And pendant willows cast a rembrant shade,
Within a mossy grot, with ivy crown'd,
While sympathetic stock-doves coo'd around,

Young Emma sat, and wept fair Ellen's fate,
Her much lov'd friend, her heart's first chosen mate.
At early dawn she hail'd her foot-steps gay,
And mourn'd, ere evening's close, her senseless clay—
Is this the flower (she cried) that bloom'd thus fair,
The plastic form, the sweet enchanting air,
The dimpled glowing cheek, the azure eye,
Beaming intelligence—the breathing sigh
For others woe; nor idle sighs she gave—
Her bliss to soothe, her luxury to save.
Thus fair and good, she charm'd each wond'ring sight,
Then fled on high, to blend with kindred light—
While thus fair Emma mourn'd, a youthful swain,
With pensive step, had wander'd o'er the plain;
Caught by the plaintive sound, he stood to hear;
Soft pity smil'd to see the chrystal tear
Steal down his manly cheek, while, sighing low,
He bid the noisy waters cease to flow.
Sly Cupid, hid beneath a hawthorn bush,
His bow, late strung with newly plaited rush,
Bent at the swain, whose palpitating heart
With restless pains receiv'd th' effective dart;
In haste, with trembling step and timid air,
He reach'd the grot, and thus address'd the fair.

ORLIN.

Oh! fairest nymph of all our verdant plains,
Where beauty dwells and social pleasure reigns,
Say, what oppressive care bedews thy cheek,
Or why this solitary grot thus lonely seek?
Has some sweet favourite lamb the woodland stray'd,
Or is thy heart by perjur'd love betray'd?
Forget the cause—hark, wisdom's chiding voice
Bids sorrow cease, while nymphs and swains rejoice.

O! come with me, and from our flowery fields
I'll cull the fairest blooms gay Flora yields,
To wreath thy fairer brow—ah! dry thy tears,
Lest cank'ring grief anticipate grey years.

EMMA.

I mourn no lambkin straying from the lawn,
Nor lover false, to other charms withdrawn;
Far different cares impel the bursting sigh,
Far deeper anguish dims my flowing eye;
For friendship's desolated joys I mourn,
For lovely Ellen from my bosom torn.

ORLIN.

What lawless villain tore thy friend away,
And when—and how—and whither fled—ah! say—
I fly to bring the fair one to thy arms,
To soothe thy cares and hush thy fond alarms.

EMMA.

Canst thou unlock the prison of the tomb,
And deck the faded cheek with vernal bloom?
Canst thou recal the spirit from on high,
To re-illume the dark, the death-clos'd eye?
Then may thy proffer'd services avail—
My Ellen's dead, and low laid in the dale.

ORLIN.

Is Ellen dead? Oh! heavy tale, indeed!
Ye pale primroses that low hedge the mead,
My task shall be, each morn and dewy eve,
To pluck you fresh, and every thorn bereave
That might invade my Emma's hand, while she
Strews her lost Ellen's grave, and weeps with me.

EMMA.

With soleman yews and myrtle branches green,
In sad remembrance of the funeral scene,
I'll hedge her grave, and keep from vagrant feet
The sacred spot of sorrow's lone retreat.
Talk not of social joys—no more I'll string
The trembling lyre, nor vocal carols sing.
My sheep, farewell, ye tender lambs adieu,
No more I hail the glittering morn with you:
Would not your bleating but increase my pain,
And seem to ask for her who grac'd the plain?
Alas! that peerless form all cold is laid,
Where not a ray the gloomy clods pervade;
That lovely face, that passion ne'er could cloud,
Is veil'd through time's long annals in the shroud.
My few sad days I'll spend at Ellen's grave,
Or in deep shades, where mourning willows wave,
Make my sad couch, and weep my soul away
In friendship's tears.—

ORLIN.

Oh! lovely Emma, stay,
Nor fly a youth who only lives for thee,
Whose careless heart as morning light was free
Till bound by you. In that fair face doth shine
The sweet expression of a soul divine.
Why would you fly—you whom all nymphs excel,
With raging beasts and dismal shades to dwell,
Where roaring tygers rend the shivering air,
And hissing snakes, and ravenous wolves repair.
O! stay with me, each rising day I'll spend
To soothe my Emma's cares, her grateful friend;
Whate'er thy Ellen was I'll strive to be,
And only think, and speak, and live for thee.

My fleecy treasures at thy feet I'll lay,
My fruitful fields with springing pastures gay,
And all the lowing herds which here you see,
Shall bless my Emma if she'll live with me.
Oh! come, my love, together let us share
This quiet vale, and breathe its fragrant air.

## SILENCE.

BLEST moments hail! of unmolested thought,
When silence lulls the sylvan scene around,
Save on the wings of cave-born echo brought,
The dying whispers of some distant sound.

When ev'ning shades pervade the balmy air,
Perfum'd mellifluous from each fragrant flower,
All but the bird of night to rest repair,
Who wakes to soothe the solitary hour.

Then contemplation seeks the ivy'd cell,
The woodbine bower, the undulating grove,
Where dryads hymn or sportive elvins dwell,
Or earth-admiring heavenly spirits rove.

Stern care and sorrow take a short farewell;
The world, its toils, and busy scenes forgot,
Imagination spreads her magic spell
In all the pleasing luxury of thought.

The form, slow wafted by the midnight breeze,
In mazy wreaths, a pleasing rev'ry makes;
Perhaps from this some friendly spirit sees,
And guards each step the pensive wanderer takes.

Oh! then, sweet silence, in thy cell remote,
Let me with wisdom oft hold converse blest,
While stilly zephyrs o'er the woodlands float,
I'll seek that peace with thee alone possess'd.

## HARVEST.

NOW laughing Pomona presides o'er the plains,
Attir'd in saffron, while plenty attends;
And scatters profuse to the long hoping swains,
That wealth which kind heaven to industry sends:
Fresh as the morn, in mirthful bands,
Elate with joy, the harvest hands
Ply round the waving yellow fields,
Where nature rich her choicest bounty yields!
While the loud roar, prolonging through the vale,
Proclaims the joke, or plauds the merry tale.
When tir'd, beneath a shady tree,
Social they sit and laugh,
Their sports recount with heartfelt glee,
And home-made nectars quaff;
Gay wit, to crown the lab'ring hour,
In russet vest appears;
And humour, bright'ning with her power,
The wearied spirit cheers.
May hygëian gales, and mantling fields,
And dews their vegetative lymph distil,
Each cultur'd fruit ripe autumn yields
Unite to bless the generous farmer still.

## NIGHT.

AS bright Apollo sinks to rest,
In transient glories robes the west,
Reflected in each stream,
The envious shades of sombre night
Repel the lingering rays of light,
Save Cynthia's liquid beam.

Soon fancy wakes, with raptur'd eye,
To scan the wonders of the sky,
Wrought with amazing skill;
Each point that glimmers on the sight
She magnifies to realms of light,
And peoples as she will.

The milky zone soft ether binds,
As virtue fair adorns those minds
That seek the heavenly way;
Impearl'd with radiant orbs serene
The snowy foldings intervene,
And plastic forms display.

The lambent meteor swiftly flies
Through dewy tracks across the skies,
Light o'er the brow of night;
Sudden the vivid fleeting blaze
Arrests the wildly eager gaze,
And vanishes from sight.

Bright emblem of terrestrial bliss,
That meteor thus call'd happiness
Suspends the glaring mark;

It glitters on our ravish'd eyes,
We grasp the phantom—soon it dies,
And leaves the mind more dark.

## SPRING.

HOW quick advance the charms of spring!
Salubrious breathes the western gale,
Dispensing sweets on festive wing,
Fresh odours wanton o'er the dale;
The opening buds on every spray
Proclaim the mild approach of May.

See, Delia, flitting on each tree,
The sprightly tenents of the grove:
Their gentle bosoms, fraught with glee,
Pour forth the grateful strains of love;
While springing fields our steps invite,
The heart dilates with pure delight.

The busy bee, with zeph'rus flies
To seek the dell where snow-drops bloom;
To hoard the hive, he gaily hies
Where violets shed a rich perfume;
How wise the little sage divine
Does use and pleasure both combine.

Could mortals thus, with equal skill,
Select the pleasures they pursue,
And every duty they fulfil
Would learn to make it pleasing too:

How sweetly life would pass away,
And smile in one perennial May.

The stream long pent in fetters strong,
  Disclaims stern Winter's rigid reign,
Its mellow'd current glides along,
  And gently laves the enamour'd plain;
But when it swells with gathering stores,
Like rampant power, proudly roars.

While thus kind nature opens round
  Her lov'liest forms to bless our eyes,
Say, Delia, can there not be found
  A moral too, to make us wise?
Who looks through nature's works, will find
Sweet manna for the craving mind.

And while we greet instinctive joy
  In natures far beneath our own,
They teach us how we should employ
  God's gifts, in us more amply shown.
Each mental power we truly raise,
In tributes of immortal praise.

The vegetable world that springs
  From death to vig'rous life new-born,
To faith's remembrance sweetly brings
  The glorious resurrection morn;
When the last trump's earth-shaking sound
Shall bid the grave with life be crown'd.

Ah! may we seek with fervent heart,
  The pard'ning grace of love divine,

And meet in faith, death's welcome dart,
The avenue to mercy's shrine;
Then from the tomb new trophies bring,
And rise to an eternal spring.

---

'Tis folly, sure, to shun the beams of light,
And woo the mists that dim our better sight.

IN observing the great variety of pursuits, both of pleasure and of profit, which occupy the minds of mankind, and fill up the narrow space of time allotted them here, when there is really but *one concern* that merits their whole attention, I am often astonished to find this alone so universally neglected, or affording so little pleasure when attended to. In the social circle, where friends meet for the pleasing interchanges of sympathetic intercourse, a being who knew the probationary state of mortality, but was unacquainted with the perversity of judgment that governs it, would conclude, that a subject of infinitely the greatest importance, and equally interesting to all, would mutually be chosen as a theme that must unavoidably awaken the affections, and convey pleasure to the bosom of every one: but experience evinces the contrary. Conviviality alone is sought in those meetings; or if conversation takes a more sober cast, secular concerns have their round of discussion; and when these are exhausted, public affairs are reverted to with as much engagedness—perhaps some general character, distinguished in the intrigues of politics, or on the theatre of war—his name, his abilities, or exploits, give ardour to the eye, and eloquence to the tongue of every one present. But venture

to mention the name of Jesus Christ, how suddenly the ardour vanishes, and eloquence sinks into silence. That tongue that just before had been earnestly trumpeting the fame of a fellow-creature, who had caused the ruin of thousands, or shed torrents of human blood, has not a single tribute of praise for *him* who went about doing good; who made the deaf to hear, the blind to see, the lame to leap as the hart, and called forth the dead from their silent graves; who gave himself a curse for us, and " in whose hand is the breath of life," the ordeal of death; in short, on whom we depend for every blessing both of the present and future world. Is there no room for eloquence here? Should not gratitude and admiration burst forth in soul-breathing acclamations of astonishment, love and joy? But no! evident uneasiness, and sometimes disgust unite to banish this name and its concurrent ideas from remembrance. But we find our judgments not thus preposterous in matters of less consequence. The man that would barter a kingdom for a bauble, to please his fancy, would be hooted by every one as the most egregious fool in existence; or he, who knowing he must quit his native for a foreign land, would make no preparation for his journey, neither seek a guide, or make any inquiry concerning the way, the place, or customs of the people, or how subsist when there, would be thought a most strangely stupid creature. And is not every being who knows the immeasurable disproportion between time and eternity, unspeakably more foolish and stupid to barter away the never-ending glories of the latter, for the transient pleasures or rusting wealth of the former? Not only the loss of eternal happiness is at stake, but alas! by that forfeiture, a portion of certain and endless misery

is incurred. That every one may devote much time and pains to obtain a knowledge of the way, and to making preparations for a removal to "that land from whose bourne no traveller returns," is the sincere wish of CHRISTINA.

## ELEGY ON AN OAK.

WHEN rising morn her golden beam restor'd,
And dawning sun-light ting'd the sable cloud,
While darkness fled, where gath'ring shadows crowd,
And the sweet lark beyond each vapour soar'd—
'Twas then I stray'd
Along a solitary path unstrew'd,
Where once an oak majestic stood,
In all the pomp of spring array'd.
But wither'd now—with moss o'ergrown,
I stood to view with pitying eye,
When soft I heard the plaintive moan
Of grief, that spoke the mourner nigh.
Still was the pure expanse, by gales unbroke,
And dewy flow'rets wept, while thus the Dryad spoke:
"Ye faithless zephyrs that were wont to stay,
"In playful sport,
"Enamour'd of my oak,
"Your lov'd resort;
"How oft your whispers spoke
"The lingering haste with which you woo'd delay,
"While tepid Spring,
"With ventilating purple wing,
"Spread o'er each verdant branch her foliage gay:

" But now with hollow murmurs grave,
" How soon you flit away,
" Where green-ey'd life fresh scenes display,
" And sprays elastic wave.
" Nor songsters now that late did throng,
" Will give one morning note, or evening song."
Such is the friendship oft poor mortals find,
When stern misfortune strips their leaves;
The fond endearing friend,
Whose sympathetic bosom heaves,
To reach where joy and fortune blend,
Flies off and leaves the sorrowing wretch behind.

## AN APHORISM.

THE best method to suppress the passion of envy is to make a point of doing rigid justice to those objects which most excite it.

## APOSTROPHE TO A DEW-DROP.

BEWARE fair drop, the slender stem
That bears thee, trembles with thy weight;
Why then assume, thou brilliant gem,
Such splendour in thy transient state?

The breeze that murmurs o'er the field
Will lay thee low, and soon it must,
When all thy glittering colours yield,
To mingle with the humble dust.

Ye fair be warn'd, nor fix your heart
On youth and beauty's fickle glow;
E'en while you sparkle, death's dire dart
May hang suspended for the blow.
Should pitying Heav'n th' impending fate delay,
The weakly stem of life to time must soon give way.

## CONCILIATORY.

SERENE the sky, and temperate was the air,
When late at eve I sought the pensive shade,
Where silence dwelt, if haply peace might there
With healing balm my aking breast pervade.
But now, no more could Peace her aid impart,
The fang of sorrow rankled in my heart.

To the mild beam through foliage sloping, faint,
And to the shade immingling checks of light,
Or to the trees I breath'd the sorrowing plaint,
While tears obstructing triumph'd o'er the sight.
For friendship's dying bliss I fondly mourn'd,
And echo sympathetic sounds return'd.

A form approach'd! of pallid hue her face,
An oozy robe around her loosely spread;
And as she walk'd with lazy languid pace,
A wreath of poppy nodded o'er her head.
A wand she held of soporific spell,
While from her tongue the listless accents fell.

"Why fall these tears? weak creature, cease your grief,
"And follow where I lead to sure repose;

" This wand to pain will yield a quick relief,
" Who feels its power, no future sorrow knows.
" From friendship's pangs I save, from love's fierce
" flame,
" The Queen of Peace, and Apathy my name."

This said, her wand malign she slowly pass'd,
When as the Spring with early fragrance crown'd,
Feels the dank chill of Winter's lingering blast,
While devastation withers all around;
The buds decay, the springing herbage dies,
The flow'rets fade, all nature drooping sighs.

Thus through my veins the chilling torpor spread,
E'en thought more active than the morning light,
Innervous sunk—Indifference rear'd her head,
With vapid smile approv'd her sister Spite;
Each soft affection, pleas'd, she saw effac'd,
Each generous wish by Apathy displac'd.

A nymph, whose voice awoke my careless ear,
With well known bliss revir'd desponding sense;
Impell'd by rapture, as she drew more near,
My bosom throbb'd with thrilling joy intense:
She press'd me close, infusing ardour warm;
'Twas Friendship's self, in fair Elvira's form.

" No more let petulance (she gently cried)
" Injurious trample o'er my lenient away,
" Nor keen resentment, prompter of base pride,
" Intrude to chase the rays of peace away."
Abash'd I stood, my cheeks suffus'd with shame,
While each usurper own'd her sovereign claim.

## HAPPY NYMPH—A PARODY.

HAPPY the maid, who free from care,
In solitude lives unconfin'd,
And can for each resource repair
To her own mind.

Whose heart the scene of softest pleasure,
While nature's charms her bosom fires,
Eternal source, that without measure,
Pure bliss inspires.

Who when the Summer fervid glows,
Can thoughtful to the shade retire,
Or when bleak Winter rudely blows,
Read by the fire.

When vernal suns begreen the dale,
And tepid dew the buds adorn,
Then with the lark she hastes to hail
Th' orient morn.

Or when pale Autumn's sickly hues,
Deform the mead, and strip the groves,
The pensive moral she pursues,
While oft she roves.

Thus as the passing seasons change,
Both pleasure and instruction draw,
And every passion still arrange
By reason's law.

Oh! may my days thus sweetly glide
In peace and rural happiness,
And virtue be my heavenly guide
To endless bliss.

---

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
"How complicate, how wonderful is man!"—
*Young.*

THE contrasted views which the poet has given in these lines, seem difficult to realize from the apparent opposition in which they stand to each other; but would we reconcile them, let us turn our attention within ourselves, and to our confusion of face, and the wounding of human pride, we shall find the most incontestable proofs of their justice and propriety. How rich is humanity in the possession of reason, judgment, conscience, and all the perceptions of the mind! How abject in the use that is made of them! How august the soul, when, rising superior to the allurements of sense, she glows with the most ardent love of virtue, imagines herself firm in the resolve of devoting every faculty to the cause of truth, and of doing homage only at the shrine of wisdom, convinced that there only true happiness can be attained! But oh! how complicate, when again those delightful emanations fade away, enveloped in gloom, or whirling in the eddies of passion, or perverse inconsistence, "each one, by turns, become what they admire and despise!" Actions which at one time shock the eye, present themselves at another in a less distasteful form, and almost assume the semblance of virtue to the perverted optics of reason,

when jaundiced by prejudice, or seen through the medium of passion. But "how wonderful is man!" what an aggregation of folly, what obstinacy of will, what perversity of judgment does he exhibit, in that indifference and apathy with which the all-important concerns of religion are attended to! Those energies of soul so easily awakened by the gross objects of time and sense, recede from, or slumber over the soul-enriching prospects of eternity, equally regardless of the bright inheritance that invites acceptance, or the dreadful penalty that awaits the refusal. Our astonishment is often excited by those around us, while uninterested in their pursuits, we coolly stand aloof, view their actions, unbiassed by their feelings, unconscious of their motives; and we turn from their weakness with disgust, and disclaim their folly: but when self-examination opens the register of memory, the recorder of past actions, while justice sternly points out the numberless failures there, when urged by feelings, when impelled by motives of our own, surprise is changed into conviction, and self-complacency into self-abasement; and those who reverence the dictates of truth and justice, gladly compromise with their fellow culprits in the soothing interchange of mutual palliation and benevolence, conscious "that all flesh is grass, and there is none that live and sin not."

## PENSIVE.

WHEN sorrows press the feeling heart,
And anguish points its sharpest sting,
Let Wisdom's hand redraw the dart,
And sweets extract whence bitters spring.

How sweetly opes the morning rose,
Glittering with dew, looks soft and fair;
Nor to the enchanted eye disclose
The thorn that lurks securely there.

The leaves decay, the odour dies,
Nor long its roseate hue retains,
The parching ray its moisture dries;
But still the covert thorn remains.

Thus life's alluring, gilded toys,
By Fancy's pencil painted fair,
And Hope's more gaily promis'd joys,
Fond unsuspecting hearts ensnare.

Ah! soon they fade, and e'er we taste
The tempting sweets we hope to find,
The magic forms are quickly past,
And pain alone is left behind.

Thou, blest Religion, fair and mild,
The bright-ey'd daughter of the skies,
In thy pure bosom undefil'd
We find that peace that never dies.

Then wisely let us seek above,
  Those joys that ne'er conceal a thorn;
Fruition sweet, where holy love
  Awakes the soul to endless morn.

## APHORISMS.

THE zest of pleasure is often destroyed by undue solicitude in obtaining its objects. It is observed, "not to desire a thing, is equivalent to the enjoyment;" and it may be added, with this advantage, it cannot cloy by possession.

They that are generous without ostentation, will be frugal without parsimony, and just without severity.

Those who are insolent to the poor will cringe to the rich. They only are capable of enjoying true happiness who delight to bestow it.

THE belief that there is an Almighty and every where present God, who, though strictly just, is infinitely merciful and gracious to the penitent and contrite, and who hears our prayers if offered up in faith, and will assuredly grant them, if it shall be for his glory, by which our good is always promoted; to whom we are permitted to approach even into the holiest of

all; and to pour out our sorrows at his feet, who is able and willing to help and to save to the uttermost.....Is not this conviction sufficient to quiet every anxiety, to establish the mind in unbroken confidence and peace, to heighten the joys we do possess, and to extract the sting of the severest disappointment and sorrow that we can experience; to look up (when the world frowns without, and conscience within) and there see a glorious Mediator offering our prayers at the throne of Grace, in the golden censer of his own righteousness, and pleading the wounds in his hands and side, as more than sufficient to atone for all our transgressions? How sweetly does the view, though only "seen as in a glass, darkly," dissipate every storm, and irradiate each day with the celestial rays of gratitude, love, faith, and unclouded hope! Whence then shall the infidel derive comfort in the day of adversity? "*From Reason?*" Alas! how reed-like is the support, shaken by every blast. Reason herself is often the sport of sorrow. How many instances might every one adduce from their own knowledge, where her boasted powers have been overturned by a single shock of adverse providence, where she stood unaided by the hope-giving precepts of the gospel? Nor are the precious influences of religion less to be desired in prosperity. The most refined, the most perfect, the most permanent satisfactions are found in the practice of piety, which, by softening, expanding, and renewing the heart, renders it susceptible of the enraptured energies of purest happiness. * * * * * * * * * *

## SONNET.

COME placid contentment, dispel every sorrow,
Nor let me anticipate griefs of to-morrow,
With gratitude humble, and cheerful good nature,
Enjoy every gift, and adore the Creator.
Then peaceful and easy, and happy and gay,
Nor anger, or sorrow shall darken the day.

For why to anxiety ever give room,
Though life it be short, and trouble our doom;
But yet if our minds we would rightly possess,
Though we can't banish grief, we can sure make it less.
Whate'er our condition, we ever will find
The source of contentment must spring in the mind.

Would reason our bosoms from passion release,
From pride, that grand foe of all internal peace,
How soon would we see that in craving we're wrong,
For the little that's wanted, we do not want long.
Let us then for what others possess never thirst,
Make much of the good, and the best of the worst.

Nor grandeur or wealth has power to impart
Sensations of pleasure that live in the heart;
'Tis this, still to do what our duties demand,
For duty and pleasure will go hand in hand.
Whate'er then befalls us, if rugged or even,
Let us patiently trust the event unto heaven.

## EPITAPH.

LIFE's busy scenes with me are o'er,
This breast, once warm, vibrates no more.
A moment pause, who passes by,
Remember you ere long must die.

## REFLECTIONS ON THE UTILITY OF OBSERVING THE SABBATH.

THE neglect (not to say contempt) of this important duty, is a melancholy proof of the irreligion and depravity of morals, which in consequence of it must every day become more prevalent. Every ingenious and reflective mind will shrink with abhorrence from the profanation of that small portion of time which the great Creator hath set apart for himself, but which was intended for our own comfort and advantage, both as it respects the present and future life. Those who are uniform in the observance of this day, consider it as a jewel of great price, infinitely too rich to adorn the sooty brow of riot and intemperance, or to be sacrificed at the shrine of empty pleasure or frivolous amusement. When they look back on the checkered path they have trod, or forward to the labyrinth yet in view, the Sabbath appears like prominent mounds of

delight, cast up and decorated by the guardian of their way, for the relief and gratification of the weary pilgrim—here they lay down the burden of temporal cares that depress them through the week; and in the mirror of faith look beyond the dusky limits of time, and there behold in perspective, all that the heart of man can conceive, or seraphic tongues describe of happiness in store for them. Thus spiritually refreshed from time to time, they go on rejoicing, unhurt by the whips and stings with which the heedless traveller is tormented, who, despising the gracious light heaven most willingly casts in his way, wanders on in darkness, liable every moment to tumble down the deep abyss of error which yawns at every step to receive him. It can hardly admit of a doubt, that those who refuse to give due attendance to divine things on the Sabbath, and thus despoil it of its honours, will seldom through the week be disposed to attend to the duties of religion, as it respects themselves, or for its advancement in others. The imperfect manner in which this day is kept by many, who ignorantly conclude that if they attend public worship, they have done all that is required, and have a right to dispose of the remaining part as they please—this failure is much to be lamented, but it is still less reprehensible than openly to select it for a day of unhallowed pleasure. Were this shocking innovation of divine right declaredly discountenanced by every friend of Christianity, I flatter myself it would soon grow into discredit: for by constantly attaching the reprehension due to an evil, it will soon be made ashamed of itself. Indeed, would the violaters of this important command only take the trouble to make a just estimate of the pleasure and pain resulting from this indulgence

(as of every other improper one), they would find the aggregate vastly on the side of *pain*. The "still small voice of conscience" will be heard even amidst the loudest roar of folly, and is ever mingling gall in the cup of unlawful pleasure, whose enervating fumes have a tendency to render the mind obnoxious to the assaults of fear, terror, and remorse, the never-failing attendants of wilful disobedience:—Not thus the son of virtue, who, firm in his adherence to *every* call of duty, finds pleasure often resulting from pain. Death himself in his approaches to him, divested of his terrors, assumes the garb of friendship, and is welcomed with a smile. With sweet serenity of soul he beholds the most dreadful depredations of the howling tempest; can hear unappalled the lightnings crash, "and stand secure amid the wreck of falling worlds."

## THE LOAVES AND FISHES.

THE glorious works our Saviour wrought,
His words that heavenly wisdom show'd,
The throng with anxious wonder fraught,
In tumult wild his steps pursu'd.

Now borne aloof from temp'ral care,
Far up the desert steeps they climb,
(Such love in modern days how rare)
Again to hear those truths sublime.

But soon exhausted nature fails,
  While evening shades are gathering round,
Hunger and thirst, and fear prevails;
  Thus far from home, can help be found?

Behold what soft compassion fills
  Our blest Redeemer's gracious eyes,
As honey'd dew its balm distils,
  And bids each breeze with fragrance rise.

To heal the sick, restore the weak,
  No nauseous potion he imparts;
To health a gentle word can speak,
  And banish fear from trembling hearts.

And when his dull disciples cried,
  "Send these away to seek for bread,"
Our Lord with majesty replied,
  "Disperse them not, they shall be fed."

"But whence thy store?" the faithless said,
  (What strange perversity of mind!)
"And if this multitude be stay'd,
  "Where can we food sufficient find?"

"Fear not, bring forth the loaves you have,
  "And trust, though small and few your store,
"He who the lesser portion gave,
  "Can richly, freely give you more."

He said, and bless'd the bread and brake,
  Which in his hand like manna grew;
And hung'ring thousands, now partake
  An ample feast of loaves so few.

Oh glorious power! oh love divine!
  Can tongue, or pen, his graces paint?
And shall his followers e'er repine,
  Though press'd and sad, their spirits faint?

Ah no! though weak, and far away
  From friends, and wearied with life's toil,
If love celestial be their stay,
  A desart drear will sweetly smile.

No want but Christ can well relieve,
  No ill his love will not redress,
And only asks us to believe
  On his sufficiency to bless.

Then take the bread, the wine, the oil,
  'Tis fools who starve with means to live,
Nor let the husks of sin beguile
  Our souls of food that heaven would give.

## APOSTROPHE TO MEMORY.

COME rich pourtraying memory,
With pencil dipp'd in softest dye,
Retrace lov'd scenes long past,
  Which, imaged o'er again,
  Like echo's gentle strain,
Reiterated joy, though fleeting, still may last.
  Nor let corrosive pain,
By memory's aid, the rosy colours blast;

Why should the fiend, Anxiety,
Be ever cherish'd in the breast,
When peace, with bland variety,
Would soothe its cares to rest.
Then come ye blest retentive powers,
Restore whate'er of bliss I've seen,
Each health-prompt gambol on the green,
And youthful joy of school-born hours,
That bliss, when first instruction's gleam,
Basis of every good,
Impress'd me with its radiant beam,
Electric of the mental steam,
That pures the intellectual blood.
Recal those days, when, doubly bless'd
With infant wile and sporting glee,
I prattled on my *father*'s knee,
Or on his cheek the fondling kiss impress'd.
But oh! kind memory still revere,
And o'er it shed thy softest gloom,
The hour that saw my parent dear
Consign'd in silence to the tomb.
Yet let forgetfulness still steep
The filial grief that wrung my soul,
Which slow-pac'd time hath lull'd to sleep,
And o'er each pang his curtain stole.
But memory, be thou faithful still,
In varied good to loose the ill,
For sure through life I find,
The hourly blessings heaven bestows
A rich equivalent to woes
Which oft exist but in the mind.
Oh memory! bid my thoughts arise
Like grateful incense to the skies!

When each pass'd scene I view,
With retrospection true;
From dangers sav'd, for blessings given,
How much I owe the *God* of heaven,
To whom all gratitude is due.

## ELEGY ON THE TRAGICAL DEATH OF A BAT.

'TWAS on a dark and dreary night,
When gathering clouds obscur'd the sky,
And veil'd each glitt'ring orb of light,
That erst were wont to cheer the eye,
While night her sable curtains spread,
The last faint gleam of twilight fled.

Now all was hush'd in peace profound,
And cradled echo sweetly slept,
Save where a female group around
A festive board their vigils kept;
With social mirth and humour gay
They laugh'd and sung the hours away.

More sweet than e'er the dulcet lyre,
Or lute with mellow warbling floats,
In mingling strains the cheerful choir
Pour on night's ear the enchanting notes.
Charm'd with the song, to share the chat,
Among them glides a grisly bat.

But now to exclamation chang'd
Each note divine, while round the room

The circling fair in order rang'd,
By turns ply round the pendant broom.
Astonish'd at this rude reception,
It flutter'd wild in each direction.

Superior numbers thus combin'd
Against the poor defenceless wight,
No refuge, he alas! can find,
He falls beneath coercive might.
Ah! who would think among the fair,
That cruelty could harbour there.

Nor yet the fallen victim sees
One eye with soft compassion beam,
No tender hand with plastic ease,
To wipe away the briny stream.
'Tis thus the Siren lures her prey,
And sings and smiles but to betray.

Ah! well I ween the ruthless lass*
Whose hand the fatal fiat sped,
And thus each humane bound could pass,
And sport with pain while pity fled.
Did not, when conscience 'woke to blame,
Her bosom throb with poignant shame!

Shall hard unfeeling torpor steel
The breast where pity's sigh should rise?
Does not the suffering insect feel
As much as when "a *giant dies?*"
Ah! sure, in natures great or small,
Death's panick's felt, and fear'd by all.

* The Author.

## AUTUMN.

AH! Delia, see! the vivid hue
Of Summer's pride is falling fast;
Each flow'ret dead that charm'd our view,
While nature sighs in every blast.

The grove, where late the wood-lark's song
Could lull e'en grief to sweet repose,
Now murmurs sad, or echoing long,
The wind shrill whistling keenly blows.

Grey morn, slow rising, dimly sheds
A sickly ray, forboding storms,
Evolving mists, the vale o'erspreads,
And wraps the hills in shadowy forms.

Torn from its parent bough, the leaf
Like orphan'd wight, is vaguely tost,
Though nurs'd by zephyrs, now beneath,
By vagrant foot or reptile crost.

Where shall the mendicant retreat
From chilling blasts, to penury sold?
A shed receives his weary feet,
And tatter'd weeds his shield from cold.

Well may the *rich* their comforts vaunt,
And smile at Winter's threat'ning power:
Alas! the houseless child of want,
Appall'd, still hears the tempest roar.

No cheerful hearth, no smiling board,
Where mirth may sport, and plenty cloy;
No cell with generous viands stor'd,
Attunes his heart to social joy.

Pale, meagre, sad, of hope forlorn,
The cheerless moments ling'ring roll,
And ah! full oft the shafts of scorn
Pierce deep his care-worn bleeding soul.

Turn, Delia—all around us see
Unnumber'd blessings greet our eyes;
Say, shall we e'er unthankful be,
Or grieve for ought our God denies?

Oh! love divine, forbid each thought
Of discontent and murmuring pride,
Nor be our richer gifts forgot,
If *pamper'd* hope should be deny'd.

That hope, which like the fragile flower,
Defeating Autumn dooms to dust,
Or glittering meteor of an hour,
Illusive cheats the fondling's trust.

While crowns immortal fix our view,
Our guiding-star the *sacred page*,
We shall not fear what *time* can do,
Nor dread the wint'ry storms of age.

The fleeting joys of earth despise,
Nor let its vexing ills annoy;
*Smile* o'er the grave, in hope to rise
And hail an endless spring of joy.

## ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

How short the date, how fleet the days,
Since young Alonzo first drew breath!
E'er yet a dawn of sense displays,
Thine eyes, sweet babe, are clos'd in death.

O! favour'd high, or e'er a stain
Of actual guilt pollutes thy mind,
Thus early freed from grief and pain,
To leave a world of woe behind.

Now at thy Saviour's feet in bliss,
With cherubs, grateful anthems raise,
Robed in his spotless righteousness,
Thy only work to chaunt his praise.

While flows the fond maternal tear
O'er soft Affection's sever'd chord,
Let anguish pause, let sorrow hear
The peaceful language of our Lord.

With open arms, for infants spread,
He bid them come with eyes of love;
In tender accents sweetly said,
"With such my courts are fill'd above."

Hence, grief and fond regret away,
From Delia's breast, far, far be driven,
To acquiescence yield the sway,
And strive to greet thy babe in heaven.

## CREED.

MY Lord's own blood was shed, to wash each stain
From my polluted soul—"death, where's thy sting?"
And incorrupt, this flesh shall rise again;
"Grave, where's thy victory?" for he is king.

Then let the fool deride, the sceptic laugh,
And scorn the word that would each vice control;
While they with every wind are blown like chaff,
*These truths* shall be the *anchor* of my soul.

## THE WIDOW'S SON RESTORED.

O THOU who sitt'st enthron'd on high,
Whom erst on earth in humble guise,
Oft breath'd the agonizing sigh,
Whence peace and joy to mortals rise;
Permit a creature vile to raise
Her trembling voice to sing thy praise.

From death, our ingrate race to save,
With anxious care each rising hour,
To wond'ring man he meekly gave
New trophies of his sovereign power.

The winds and waves obey his voice,
And demons flee with hideous noise.

In ev'ry act of power and grace,
The brightest seraphims admire;
All breathe sweet mercy—there we trace
No instance of vindictive ire.
He speaks, and blindness opes her eyes,
The dumb rejoice,. the dead arise.

Thus when at Nain's gates he met,
With funeral rites, the sorrowing crowd,
A mother's plaints his ears beset,
Her son bereav'd lamenting loud:
The helpless widow, lost to hope,
Sees wrapt in death her only prop.

But soon the sympathetic tear
Springs in the great Immanuel's eyes;
He came and touch'd the death-fraught bier,
And bid th' insensate corse arise:
No more with pale disease at strife,
He starts to health and vigorous life.

Attempt not thou, my feeble muse,
To paint the mother's sweet surprise,
While from the terror-stricken Jews
Resounding acclamations rise.
The wonder flies on wings of fame,
And distant climes adore his name.

If one, releas'd from death's dread power,
Could with terrific fear confound,

Ah! who shall stand the awful hour,
When Gabriel's trump shall rend the ground;
While flames of livid light'ning raves
O'er rocking hills and gaping graves?

When in the clouds, with glory crown'd,
The Judge with heaven's bright hosts appear,
With fiery vengeance girt around,
He bids th' affrighted world draw near;
In vain shall he whom crimes appal,
To hide his head on mountains call.

While guilt is doom'd, with piercing cries,
To writhe in chains of penal fire,
Whose worm of conscience never dies,
Nor will the quenchless flames expire;
Redeem'd by Christ, in endless day,
The just rejoice who lov'd his way.

Ah! who would stake the joys of heaven,
That ceaseless roll, and still begin,
And for a sickly season given,
Enjoy the false delights of sin?
Death is the wages sin must give,
Then hear the word, obey and live.

# THE BEATITUDES.

"BLESSED" are they of spirit mild,
Resistless, gentle, undefil'd
By dire revenge, or fury wild
Are uninflam'd;
Nor whom resentment e'er beguil'd,
Though often blam'd:
With peace benign their souls accord,
And heaven itself is their reward.

"Blessed" are they who sigh and weep
With anguish keen, contrition deep,
With tears the nightly pillow steep,
O'er sins confess'd,
If care for Zion banish sleep,
By foes oppress'd:
Soon shall their tears be turn'd to joy,
And raptur'd strains their tongues employ.

"Blessed" are they who, all content
With every dispensation sent,
Nor pride their humbler joys prevent,
With fancied want,
If God a richer store hath lent,
Asham'd to vaunt.
They shall enjoy, while here below,
The purest bliss that mortals know.

"Blessed" are they who ardent crave
That food which hungry sinners save,

To taste those holy streams, that lave
Bright mercy's throne,
Whence flows the deep ensanguin'd wave,
Their sins atone.
From boundless stores by grace instill'd,
Each thirsty soul shall soon be fill'd.

" Blessed" are they who mercy show,
Who feel a sense of other's woe,
Whence tears of soft compassion flow
To soothe their grief,
Who ward misfortune's direful blow,
Or yield relief:
When sorrows harrow all the mind,
Themselves the grateful boon shall find.

" Blessed" are they of spotless mind,
By holy love and grace refin'd,
Nor powers of earth and hell combin'd
Can lead astray,
'Mid paths of rank temptation find
A guiltless way.
These, when they've run th' eventful race,
Shall see in bliss their Maker's face.

" Blessed" are they who never cease,
When vengeance burns, and wars increase,
To wave the olive-branch of peace,
With gen'rous hand,
From fierce contending strife release
Each angry band;
Or e'er they reach their bright abode,
They shall be call'd the sons of God.

"Blessed" are they whom men oppress
With envious rage for righteousness,
Who greet each form of pale distress,
For Jesus' sake;
Whose souls no dastard fears impress,
Nor tempests shake;
Though here to pomp and pride unknown,
Yet heaven's kingdom is their own.

## EPITAPH FOR A YOUNG LADY.

WHO can escape death's potent rage?
His arrow spares nor sex, nor age,
However young or fair.
He call'd me in youth's brightest bloom;
And for the *cold*, the *silent* tomb,
I bid you too prepare.

## APHORISM.

HE fears not death, who is familiar with him—And who fears him not, is a *true Christian*, or a *stupid Atheist*.

## STANZAS.

WHEN first on the plains I began to appear,
While joy sweetly play'd round my heart,
I fancied each breast, like my own was *sincere*,
For squint-ey'd suspicion my way came not near,
Nor I fear'd, for I knew not of *art*.

If a face was with softness apparently dress'd,
And the smile of good nature did wear,
Methought that no evil could lurk in the breast,
That in feature, each trait of the soul was express'd,
And goodness must sure reside there.

Where science, dispelling the mist of the mind,
Ethereal effulgence had shed,
I thought no mean passion could ever be join'd
With light so resplendant, with sense thus refin'd,
While the bay twin'd itself round the head.

If the language of godliness flow'd from the tongue,
I believ'd it must live in the heart;
With rapture I listen'd—for even when young
I had learn'd that each virtue from piety sprung,
And did sweetest sensations impart.

Ah! would that experience, with aspect severe,
From my cottage had still kept away,
For ignorance, with peace, I would still hold more dear
Than knowledge, which teaches my bosom to fear,
Or know that the world does betray.

I have mark'd the demeanor, complaisant and soft,
Which shrewdness itself could beguile,
Concealing corroded malignity oft,
While at plain honest bluntness and candour they scoff'd,
Very civilly wound with a *smile*.

Education—though bright be her tenets, and fair
As the orbit of day, and as long be her rule;
But, too oft deprav'd are the sons of her care,
Though proudly they boast her insignia they wear,
It only adds shame to the fool.

And often, alas! with presumptive disguise,
The hypocrite's baseness to hide,
With arts, which the subtlest fiend can devise,
And sacred devotions external, he tries
To cover deceit, fraud, and pride.

Convinc'd that deception does boldly affect
Fair worth, by the artless believ'd;
Yet rather than once I should virtue suspect,
Or by unjust suspicion true merit neglect,
Ah! let me be often deceiv'd.

E'en merit herself does not always appear
To the world in her own native light,
If *fated* to move in chill poverty's sphere,
From blasting destruction, and ridicule's sneer,
She shrinks in the dark with affright.

Though vice may conceal, or (as often it doth,)
Assume an appearance most fair;

Though worth may be branded with crimes she would loath
But to think on; of this be assur'd, that they both
Must one day appear what they are.

## ELEGIAC LINES ON THE DEATH OF MRS. M——.

AWAKE, Melphomene, the pensive lyre,
Let heaven ascended worth the strain inspire;
When excellence is call'd from earth away,
Durst thou refuse the tributary lay?

Ah! no—and though that merit all proclaim
Was only known to me by partial fame,
Yet oft as memory the theme renews,
She claims a tear from the devoted muse.

Bland charity, ah! where is now thy boast,
Thy all-benignant votary is lost;
Like thee, whene'er another's wants are known,
With kind concern, she made each want her own.

Did misery sue, or poverty complain,
To her the tale was never told in vain;
Where sorrow dwelt, with gen'rous haste she sped
To dry the tear, and raise the drooping head.

Sway'd by the precepts of her Saviour God,
Meek as the dove, life's thorny way she trod:
Did passion rage, she bid contention cease;
Her soul the shrine of piety and peace.

In pure devotion, joys sublime she found,
And strove to spread its influence far around;
But while to fix each moral truth she sought,
Her every act a better lesson taught.

Haste, gentle peace, in balmy slumbers bind
The venerable friend she left behind;
Though death the tenderest ties of life hath broke,
He stands resign'd beneath the two-fold stroke.

" As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
" Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
" Though round his breast the rolling clouds are spread,
" Eternal sunshine settles on his head."

What though the form belov'd is seen no more,
Each relative will long her loss deplore:
But will the Christian friend to grief give scope,
And deeply mourn " as those who have no hope?"

I trust not thus, while faith points out the way,
When friends in Christ will hail a brighter day,
Receive with joy the promis'd crown on high,
" And every tear be wip'd from every eye."

## INQUIRY.

WHERE lives that phantom all pursue
With fond desire—yet known to few,
If ever known below?
Does happiness with riot dwell,
Where echoing peals of laughter swell?
Ah! no.

Where pleasure chaunts her siren song,
While from her soft delusive tongue
The honied poisons flow:
Will happiness not stoop to hear
Her strains, though dangers hover near?
Ah! no.

Where wealth in gaudy trappings flaunts,
Who feels no care for mis'ry's wants,
Nor sympathetic glow;
With pride and pomp emblazon'd round,
Will happiness not there be found?
Ah! no.

Where power assumes the sovereign rod,
While vassals trembling at a nod,
With reverence lie low;
Is it not happiness to *seem*
A *thing* so *great*, a *worm* supreme?
Ah! no.

The smooth, the broad, the beaten way,
The new-form'd ethics now display,
Where men unpinion'd go;
Will happiness not surely be
With those from each restraint set free?
Ah! no.

But in the breast that never sighs,
For aught a gracious God denies,
Content in weal or woe,
While pious strains of love arise,
There happiness no longer cries?
Ah! no.

## APOSTROPHE TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

The fleeting spirit seeks that shore,
Where faithless hope deceives no more.

ART thou fled? gone for ever? Imagination shrinks from the idea, and for a moment refuses to realize it; but it is not the less true. That eye that sparkled with the liquid lustre of delight, or shed the softening dew of distress, is sealed in impenetrable gloom. That arm that has so often been fondly locked within mine, is resting on thy bosom, food for worms. That heart, so late beating with the warm principle of life, "feelingly alive to each fine impulse;" but alas! each vibrating

chord, dissevered by the rude pressure of unrelenting sorrow, now lies cold and torpid in the silent tomb; and ere now the unchanging fiat is passed upon thee, thou art happy or miserable to all eternity. Hardly had the fourth act commenced, when the curtain is dropped, thy final exit is made, while I am left upon the stage a precarious candidate for life, immortal life, or death. And how long? Ah! who can tell? This hand that registers, and this heart that throbs with remembrances of thee, may soon, God only knows how soon, be like thine own; the clock that so faithfully sounds the "knell of departed hours," may, ere it makes its diurnal round, count my last—Awful thought! 'tis now the ghastly hour of midnight—how still! how solemn! what dread-inspiring silence! The dying taper faintly glimmering in its socket, feebly repels the murky shades that hover around, closing up the mind within itself. What a striking emblem of the grave! there we must lie, shrouded in darkness, silent and forgotten, where no returning sun shall cheer the eye, nor voice of friendship transport the ear.

How uncertain is the approach of death, as to the time! how sure in the event! how astonishing is that stupidity that refuses to prepare for it—that shuts its ears against the warning voice of every newly opened grave, and its eyes from the silent monitions of the ghastly form, once blooming in all the pride of health and beauty! Oh! folly, may you never more find entrance in my heart—may no inducement of false pleasure or interest steal away that time, that should be improved, and sacredly devoted to more solid acquirements, and more lasting advantages, than the idle joys of an hour, or the vain glitter of perishing wealth and

honour. By anticipating this solemn hour, and preparing in the exercises of repentance, love, and new obedience, the cordial of faith that shall divest it of its terrors, and enable the struggling soul, under all the agonies of expiring nature, to sing that triumphant song, "Death where is thy sting! O grave where is thy victory!" The Christian often looks forward to that period with pleasure, considers death as a friend, and thinks with the wise man of old, "the day of his death is better than the day of his birth."

## FRAGMENT.

HARK! the joyful sound—"For it hath pleased the *Father*, that in *Him* all fulness should dwell." In whom? Even in Jesus Christ, our surety, our advocate, our prophet, priest, and king, the Prince of Peace. For the blind, here is eye-salve to make him see. See what? See mercy and justice embracing each other, and a crown of life wooing his acceptance. For the deaf, here are sounds to make his ear tingle, even the ravishing sounds of pardon for sin, and deliverance from death and hell. For the poor, here is an inheritance pure and incorruptible, even the pearl of inestimable price, an interest in the Redeemer's love. For the naked, here are garments out-vieing the sun in splendor, even the robes of infinite righteousness. For the sick, here is a physician, whom to know, is life and peace. For the thirsty, here are

streams of living waters, even the upper and the nether springs are his. For the hungry, here is meat indeed, even the broken body of the Son of God, the bread from above, that nourishes the soul unto eternal life.

## CONSCIENCE.

WHENCE springs this wondrous intern power,
Whose unseen counsels guide the soul,
The wakeful guardian of each hour,
Stern, rigid, keen, she scorns control;
Who wakes the soul to dread alarm,
Or gives to life the sovereign charm.

Not fam'd Idalia's scented gales,
Dispers'd on dewy wings of morn;
Nor Hygeia's aromatic vales,
Whom ever blooming sweets adorn:
With these, nor peace, nor pleasure lives,
Like that approving conscience gives.

Nor poverty with all its stings,
(The meed of scorn to little minds,)
E'en pale disease no terror brings,
Grim death a fearless welcome finds.
Sweet rectitude each pang beguiles,
'Tis heaven still where conscience smiles.

But when the rebel dares offend
The sacred institutes of heaven,
While vice his vagrant steps attend,
By fierce contending passions driven;
There conscience takes her awful stand,
With scorpions writhing in her hand.

Pursuing earth's unhallow'd joys,
The sad prelude of future woe,
In vain he flies the "still small voice".
Which bids him view the gulf below,
Which bids him 'scape th' impending rod,
The vengeance of an angry God.

But when the "mad career" is o'er,
And well earn'd anguish wrings his heart,
When death stands knocking at the door,
And bids the trembling wretch depart,
Then angry conscience rises too,
To call each sin in dread review.

Ah me! in all the varied round,
Where finite bliss and pleasures roll,
What can so rich with these be found,
To purchase one immortal soul?
Like gilded clouds they quickly fly,
But ah! the soul can never die.

Oh conscience! to my prayer incline,
Implant thy olive in my breast;
Still may'st thou soothe with peace benign,
Each adverse thought to gentlest rest.
Then calmly yield my parting breath,
And greet a kindlier friend in death.

JESUS Christ hath fulfilled all righteousness; I trust, for me, every requirement of the divine law. This is the anchor of hope on which my soul shall rest. He hath suffered all the penalties due to me for my sins. This is my "city of refuge"—and "those whom He loves, He loves to the end." This is the rock on which I build, and which can never be moved, though heaven and earth pass away. * * * * * * *

## PHILANTHROPY.

ORB of the mind, ethereal queen,
Thy smile, like beamy morn,
Dispels the mental mists of spleen,
Of envy, hate, and scorn.

Love in thine eye, peace on thy brow,
With sympathy divine,
In pearly dew, or raptur'd glow,
O'er thy fair features shine.

Parent of every social good,
Of every generous thought,
The sanguine tie of kindred blood,
With kind affection fraught.

Oh! may thy presence ever charm
My humble lowly cot;
May fortune's frowns give no alarm,
Her gifts, not too much sought.

Inspir'd by thee, I'll fondly taste
Friendship's spontaneous spring;
Nor time, nor chance impair or waste
The nectars thence we bring.

Awake my soul to each soft strain
Of pity's weeping lyre,
Whose tear-fraught note, with pleasing pain,
Doth human bliss inspire.

With sweet compassion's plastic hand,
To raise the drooping head;
For anguish flies at thy command
From sorrow's thorny bed.

Short is the date, and fleet the bliss,
All other joys impart;
Substantial pleasure sure is this,
To heal the wounded heart.

I bid the brow o'erhung with woe,
Irradiate with a smile;
To dry the bitter tears that flow,
And every pang beguile.

And thine the skill—the power thine,
To smooth life's rugged way,
Of mortal bliss the source divine,
Of mortal grief the stay.

JESUS Christ hath fulfilled all righteousness; [illegible] for me, every requirement of the divine law. [illegible] the anchor of hope on which my soul shall rest [illegible] hath suffered all the penalties due to me for [illegible] This is my "city of refuge"—and "those who [illegible] loves, He loves to the end." This is the [illegible] which I build, and which can never be moved, [illegible] heaven and earth pass away. * * * * *

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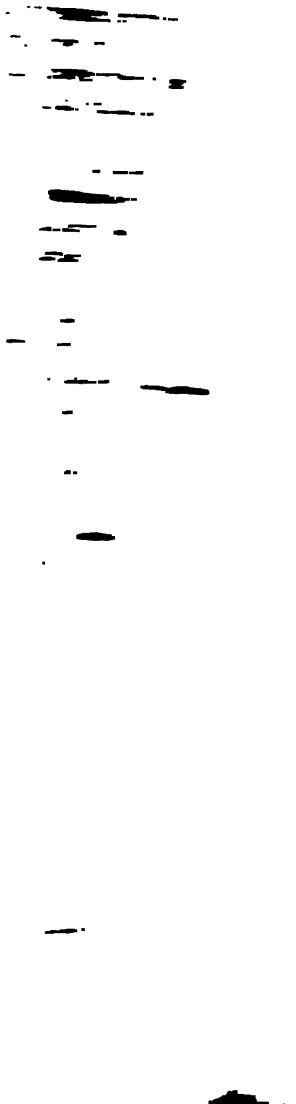

# APHORISMS.

HE is continually drowning in a turbulent stream, who keeps not his own spirit in due subordination. *All* goes right without, when *all* is right within.

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Too often is the saint ashamed of his glory—but alas! how incorrigibly does the sinner *glory* in his *shame*.

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Ignorance is wearisome; pride, irritating; vanity, disgusting; timidity, troublesome; and affectation, *intolerable*.

## ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. E. B——.

FROM distant plains methinks I hear
The voice of grief arrest my ear;
And sure that dart by woe was spread,
That number'd Burnet with the dead.

Ah me! my muse, canst thou refrain,
Though mean thy powers, though weak thy strain;
Wilt thou with idle fancies play,
When worth like *his* demands thy lay?

That *worth*, to memory ever dear,
That prompts the sigh, that claims the tear,
Just gleam'd to charm our anxious sight,
Then fled to blend with kindred light.

Ah! why did death arrest so soon!
Why bid his sun go down e'er noon!
Hope hail'd the gentle dawning ray,
As surety of a brighter day.

Mild, meek, and modest, gentle, kind,
By unassuming sense refin'd;
With soft persuasion's sweet display,
"He woo'd to heav'n, and led the way."

Will not the flock he lov'd so well
His loss lament, his merits tell,

Weep o'er his name in fond despair?
For much we need a shepherd's care.

Alas! that fold has much to fear,
Who finds no watchful guardian near,
For there (by nature prone to stray,)
The prowler finds an easy prey.

But why should selfish love presume
To breathe a sigh o'er Burnet's tomb?
While fond regret our minds employ,
He triumphs in a world of joy.

Ah! let each murm'ring thought be still,
Nor dare dispute heaven's sacred will;
His precepts keep with zealous care,
And strive to meet our pastor there.

## SOLITARY.

As pensive I rov'd o'er the glade,
Which late did with daisies abound,
But chang'd was each soft glowing shade,
By Autumn's sad touch all embrown'd.

The blue-bell no longer outvied
Bright ether's cerulean hue;
The primrose had wither'd and died,
And shrunk its pale head from the view.

The violet so modest and sweet,
It griev'd me to see it lie low,
For it lov'd best the covert retreat,
Where in secret its beauties might blow.

'Twas thus that my Emma once smil'd,
With the vale's fairest flower she bloom'd:
Though Emma was nature's best child,
To anguish her bosom was doom'd.

She lov'd with a passion most pure,
For gentle and good was her heart;
But what can the bosom secure
Against the seductions of art?

And Damon was faithless, and fled,
Far distant from Emma he hied;
Like the violet she hung down her head,
In silence she languish'd and died.

Ah! must (I exclaim'd with a sigh,)
All nature's fair forms pass away?
Is there naught but will wither and die,
And yield to autumnal decay?

E'er the sigh had escap'd from my breast
A fair spreading pine caught my view,
It still in fresh verdure was dress'd,
And triumph'd in May's vivid hue.

Yes, thou shalt in unchanging green,
The rigours of Winter sustain,
And Boreas, fierce, rugged and keen,
Shall beat on thy bosom in vain.

While round thee all hopeless and sad,
Vegetation her chaplets shall mourn,
In the glories of Spring thou art clad,
And thus shalt thou greet her return.

Ye fair ones the moral improve,
The lessons of nature attend;
Her speech is the language of love,
And her warnings the voice of a friend.

When you see the fair offspring of June,
In the bosom of cold Winter laid,
She bids you remember how soon
Your lilies and roses must fade.

As fragile, as fair as the flower,
Is beauty's all-conquering display,
The wonder and pride of an hour,
And subject alike to decay.

But virtue and innocence bland,
Companions of honour and truth,
Like the pine tree unfading shall stand,
And flourish immortal in youth.

No changes of time they shall fear,
Though nature in ruins were hurl'd,
Fair virtue serene would appear,
Undismay'd by the wreck of a world.

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF —— ——.

THAT bell again, from Windsor's shore,
Resounds the solemn knell of death;
The fateful arrow sped once more,
Cuts off another Christian's breath.

Since last the Spring with sweet return,
Ere Sol hath made his annual round,
The Church a triple loss doth mourn,
While copious streams each recent wound.

Say, shall the friend of *Zion* die,
Whose themes did all his soul inspire?
Entom'd shall he in silence lie,
And not awake the weeping lyre?

I haste to strike the trembling string,
Devoted to his honour'd name;
Warm to my heart his virtues bring,
And strive to tell, and *catch* the flame.

How much he lov'd the sacred courts
Where breathing anthems sweetly swell,
The place where Christ himself resorts,
And where his people love to dwell.

To bless the poor with every good,
From every ill he sought to save,
And while he fill'd with mortal food,
The hidden manna also gave.

Though long his path was mark'd with woe,
  Beneath the chast'ning hand of God,
In acquiescence bowing low,
  He felt—yet meekly kiss'd the rod.

Ah! well he knew the road to bliss
  Is narrow, steep, and thorny too,
And lest his feet the way should miss,
  He kept the glorious end in view.

Till wrapt in vision all divine
  His soul empassion'd takes its flight,
Among the sons of God to shine,
  And chaunt his praise in realms of light.

## SENTIMENT.

WHAT is praise or calumny but air, that we should desire the one, or shrink from the other, with so much solicitude? The breath of man cannot make us better or worse than we really are, and let both pass the ordeal of an impartial conscience, we will find that we sometimes receive approbation when we really deserve censure, and sometimes are blamed when, if the motive could have been sifted, it would deserve the warmest commendation. If then, both are the children of error and caprice, let them serve only as a talisman, whereby we may try "what manner of spirits we are of," and in every other respect be treated with indifference or contempt.

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF MRS. A—.

"The righteous (poor) die, and no man layeth it to heart."

SHALL pamper'd wealth and vain distinctions claim
That tribute due to virtuous life alone?
Shall empty honours wake the trump of Fame,
And sleep where heaven-born worth conspicuous shone?

Yes, let the world its shadowy laurels weave,
To crown the votaries of sensual joy;
Those transient joys that lasting anguish leave,
Of pain and *sense* at best the base alloy.

Mine be the task to pen the humble lay
For her whose painful steps were mark'd with woe,
Her path through Poverty's chill desert lay,
Where sorrow's bitter waters ceaseless flow.

But every sorrow sanctified by grace,
Weans the fond heart from sin's illusive spell;
Each roaring billow quickened on her pace,
To reach that shore where purest pleasures dwell.

Mistake not, worldling—if the Christian weep,
Nor vainly deem his comforts scanty here;
Though tears may oft the nightly pillow steep,
His Saviour's promis'd peace is always near.

Or how could she, whose lowly dirge I sing,
Meet deep distress in all its varied forms;
E'en ghastly death, of terrors dread the king,
Who gives the fragile clay to sordid worms.

On these she smil'd—"For why should I, she cried,
"Tremble at death, of all the final doom;
"I know that he, in whom I trust, hath died,
"To smooth my passage to the peaceful tomb.

"These 'light afflictions,' which o'er life's short day,
"May shed a partial gloom, yet well I know
"They work out glories, which shall far outweigh
"All that I taste of bitterness and woe.

"Oh! happy spirit, now at Jesu's feet,
"With angels, mingling songs of raptur'd joy;
"Thee may I imitate, and sweetly meet
"Where endless praises shall our tongues employ."

## BIRTH-DAY ODE.

THRICE welcome, bright auspicious morn
On which the Prince of Peace was born,
To save our sinful race:
If joy enwrapt the angel throngs,
Can we withhold our grateful songs,
Who taste his richer grace?

Let every tongue proclaim abroad
The love of our incarnate God,
  Mysterious, deep, divine;
He quits those joys that ever flow
At God's right hand, and dwells below,
  To heal your griefs, and mine.

Awake, my carnal, sluggish soul,
Let *love* and gratitude control
  Each vital spring within;
No more delight in earthly toys,
But rise to taste immortal joys,
  And now the feast begin.

Come, hungry sinners, Jesus cries,
Here's milk and honey without price,
  Freely to you I give;
As freely take, and eat your fill,
My stores are inexhaustless still,
  Drink, and your souls shall live.

Lord, may I crave those streams alone,
That lave bright mercy's spotless throne,
  And drink for ever there;
Oh! may my best refreshments be
Thy body, broken on the tree,
  Thy favour, all my care.

# DESULTORY REFLECTIONS.

SHALL the fleeting shadows of joy, and the transitory pleasures of this mutable state, fix the affections and enslave the desires of the immortal, always dying, or never dying soul? Shall those faculties that can stretch to the utmost limits of created space, nay leaping its bounds, soar to infinity—can a spirit thus constructed be content to settle down on the lees of time and sense, to solace its animal part in the mire of sin, to its eternal injury, nor once attempt to exercise its nobler powers in contemplating that glorious Being, all lovely in himself, the source of all blessedness, the fountain of all perfection, omnipotent in power, infinite in mercy, unerring in justice and wisdom, of spotless purity and endless duration—a God doing wonders? And if we are a wonder to ourselves (which we are) how wonderful must he be, who created us! Down pride, roll in the dust vanity, cast out filthy self, O my soul, and be filled with astonishment, adoration and love, to that God of all glory and goodness, who hath so long borne with thy stupidity, ingratitude, and obstinate rebellion against the holy commands and gracious invitations of the Spirit of all grace and glory. Could we be divested of the chains of sensual appetite, and dispel the worse than Egyptian darkness, of ignorance and unbelief; if we could have but a partial ray of the beatific vision, we would turn with disgust and contrition from the contaminating toys of earth, to the purifying joys of heaven.

## EXPOSTULATION.

POOR perishing clay, that so much pains must be taken for thee, which soon must be food for worms. How is the freedom of the spirit abused and kept in chains by thee, thou clod of earth? How many things must be provided for thy convenience? How much precious time spent in decorating thy fragile frame, brittle as the spider-woven web? How much labour spent to gratify thy insatiable appetites, which, like the tyrant that consumes thee at last, never says, "*It is enough?*" Do I not wish to be freed from thee, who art only the loathsome, darksome dungeon of the heaven-born immortal soul, breathed into thee from the mouth of infinite purity and perfection, and in whom alone she can find that ineffable delight and plenitude of joy, to satisfy the demands of infinite desires?

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HE who marks the evolutions of Divine Providence, and pursues them by the light of grace, will, like the wise men of the east, be guided by the illuminating star of heavenly wisdom, to the source of all blessedness.

*" Those who come unto me, I will in no wise cast out."*

"How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings!" How welcome the shelter that houses us from the menacing storm! How grateful the return of Spring, after the ravages of dreary Winter! And how sweet are the blandishments of friendship, in the hour of danger and distress! But infinitely more precious is this heavenly cordial, administered by the hand of the Divine Physician, who heals with a word, and changes the grisly king of terrors into a smiling messenger of life and peace. Feed on this endearing promise, my soul, as the "fruit that is sweet to thy taste, while sitting under the banners of his love"—let it be thy solace by day, and thy quieting potion by night, thy antidote for despondence and temptation; the efficient elixir, to enable thee in the last solemn hour, when the world and the flesh shall fail thee, cheerfully and joyfully to yield thyself up into his hands, who has graciously declared, he "will not cast thee out."

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WHITE may be changed into black, but to change black into white defies the skill of man. We know by woeful experience, that though human nature is capable of a total declension from all that is great and

good, yet it has no power in itself to resume its primeval purity, and to shine again in its pristine splendour and glory, but through the unsearchable riches of the goodness of God, who in infinite mercy and wisdom, devised a way, even by the gift of his dear Son, in and through whose righteousness, atonement, and intercessions, we are more than restored to all lost privileges; not only restored, but unalterably *secured* in the immutability of him in whom they are vested. Seeing then, that in our great federal Head, there is "neither variableness nor shadow of turning, let us press on with increasing ardour and renewed strength towards the mark of the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus our Lord, blessed for ever."

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YESTERDAY, on the mount of Ordinance, taking a view of the promised Land, rejoicing in hope, sitting under his shadow, as of a great rock in a weary land, eating his fruit with great delight, and fondly indulging in the security of subdued corruption shrinking from the view, under the more lively exercises of faith and love; to-day compelled to exclaim with the apostle, "Wretched creature that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death!" How deceitful is the human heart? Who can fathom its depth of wickedness? Who can say, *I know myself?* or to any passion too remissly opposed, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther?" How many ways has pride (the damning sin of angels) to draw the mind from the

source of all perfection, into the miry paths of death and destruction. It is the prolific parent of every false way; its poisonous breath ever obnoxious to the spirit of truth and grace, causes him to leave the heart where it is perseveringly cherished, to its own crooked and self-destroying operations. Deliver me, oh! my God, from vanity and lies. May I be emptied of self, hateful self, and humbly come to Jesus Christ, "in whom it hath pleased thee all fulness should dwell;" that I may receive grace for grace, and henceforth be cloathed with humility as with a garment.

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IF we could *see* the Omnipotent searcher of hearts, *seeing* every thought as it passes in the mind, I presume, we would retain but few that now claims from habit unlimited indulgence. By not realizing his omniscience, we throw the reins of desire on the neck of carnality, and thus thoughtlessly "rush on the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler."

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CONSCIENCE, the only prerogative of the soul, preserved from the ruins of the fall, cannot be too fondly cherished, being a natural notice of God and his law, which reason makes plain, judgment confirms, and religion enlightens and *sanctifies*.

THE coincidence of a promise, with the fulfilment, is a sufficient evidence of its authenticity, and also of the veracity and *faithfulness* of the *promiser*. Who that has had an experimental knowledge of the difference between the enfranchising yoke of the *Redeemer*, and the galling chains of sin and satan, that will not cordially acquiesce in the declaration, "*My yoke is easy?*" Who that has groaned under the burden of sin, weighing the soul as it were into the depths of perdition, when delivered from this heavy pressure, and adopted into all the privileges of the children of the gospel, while tasting the sweetness of ordinances, and rejoicing in the government of the angel of the new covenant, will not involuntarily declare, "*Thy burden is light*" indeed? Who that, wandering in darkness that might be felt, and stumbling on the misty mountains of error, pursuing phantoms that elude the grasp, or like the glittering bubble on the flood, when obtained, leave no evidence of existence but the sting, if led by the Divine Spirit into the regions of grace, while he drinks at the fountains of life, and solaces in the light of that countenance that sheds a celestial radiance on every thing around, will not exultingly exclaim, in the exuberance of peace and joy, "*Truly I have found rest to my soul?*"

THERE is certainly no merit in praying that we should receive, because we ask—it is the grace of God, transfused into the soul by the Holy Spirit, that excites to prayer, and then rewards for his own gifts and graces, as if they were the peculiar properties of the petitioner. Astonishing goodness! how lamentably astonishing, that it should be so soon forgotten, or so little regarded.

WOULD you preserve your heart from the contamination of impure desires, and irregular emotions, the panders of vice, guard your ears with the most sedulous care, from the ribaldry of licentious jests and obscene conversation, and your tongue from the most distant allusion to ideas that angels might not cherish.

ETERNITY! awful eternity! duration without end! how can the limited powers of the finite mind be made to conceive the stupendous idea! Millions of years roll on, and eternity is only beginning, always be-

ginning; never, never ending: the restless soul, fond of research, stretches her faculties to explore, if possible, the boundless ocean—her wings soon flag, her head grows giddy, her trembling feet can find no resting place; aghast, exhausted, she shrinks back to her native shores, where she may date time from its beginning, and trace it to the close, and here finds relief. But eternity! who can reach it! And oh! who can bear the idea of being *miserable* to all eternity! *Well* we *know* the wages of sin are eternal death, and yet (ah! madness of stupidity) we sin on, and sit at ease while the sword of divine vengeance is suspended over our heads, "our feet sliding on slippery steeps, and fiery billows rolling below"—Be astonished, oh! heavens, and wonder, oh! earth; yet this is the way of sinful flesh.

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FOR a Christian to go back to past experiences for refreshment to his soul, is as vain as for a natural man to depend upon the food he received last year, to sustain him in the present. Daily supplies of grace are as needful for the soul's support in the divine life, as animal food is for the body.

AND shall I fear the monster *death*,
Who shuts my veins, and stops my breath?
My flesh can only feel the smart,
He touches not the immortal part;
He opes the door, the spirit flies
To mansions bright above the skies;
Mansions prepar'd e'er time began,
By him who died for *fallen man:*
In him alone my soul shall trust,
Who breath'd his spirit in my dust,
And bid me live, and oh! when sin
Had all his image spoil'd within;
When in the broad destructive way,
Fainting with satan's wounds I lay,
He takes the ingrate rebel up,
Heals every wound, and fills my cup
With blessings flowing from above,
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly love.
Oh! welcome day that takes me home;
Come quickly Jesus, come Lord come.

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OH! how merciful is our good God and Father, to make our state of probationary labour and sorrow so *short*, and our state of peace, rest and unremitting joy, eternal as *himself*.

THE omnipotence of the great Jehovah which terrifies the sinner, is the comfort and consolation of the Christian. He knows in whom he has trusted; the powers of earth and hell cannot prevail against him; all things are put under his feet, and he brings to pass, by the word of his power, whatever he wills to be done. In wisdom, unerring; in justice, inflexible; in power, almighty; in mercy, unbounded; in purity, unspotted; in majesty, exalted; in dominion, unlimited; in love, passing all understanding: these attributes the finite mind may have a faint conception of, (alas! how faint and imperfect) but the immaculate glories of the Godhead, eternity will be too short to unfold. Fall prostrate in the dust, O my guilty soul, and wonder, and adore in silent astonishment, that thou art not this moment in that house of misery, where hope never cometh; it is because his "tender compassions fail not: let every tongue confess the name, and every sinner bow before the triune God, blessed over all for ever.

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"DO this," said the gracious Redeemer to his disciples at the last mournful supper, "Do this in remembrance of me, and as oft as ye do it, ye do show forth my *death* until I come." What an easy command, to meet together sometimes, and simply eat

and drink bread and wine, in commemoration of the great things he hath done for us; and in us no expensive preparation is required, no tedious journey to be performed, no flesh-torturing penances to be suffered, no lacerated veins to bleed, no crown of thorns to pierce the head, nor nails the hands and feet, nor spear the side, no gall and vinegar to drink, no tauntings and revilings to wound the spirit; no, all these he took upon himself, and left us to set down at ease to a feast of fat things; milk and honey without price; wine on the lees, double refined, while he is sweetly saying, "Eat, O beloved, eat, drink abundantly; what more can I do for my people, that I have not done?" Nothing, O divine Saviour, the *work* is *complete*.

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"WHEN thou passest through the water, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the flame kindle on thee."* Happy, inconceivably happy are they to whom the Holy Spirit sanctifies and seals this exceeding great and precious promise; to such, the grisly terrors of the hostile den, the ferocious bellowings of the hungry lion, are harmless as the pensive murmur of the lonely grot, or the tender bleatings of the gentle lamb. To such, the raging fury of the fiery furnace, seven times heated, belching forth volumes of

* Isaiah xliii. 2.

flame, shall be as the cheerful crackling of the domestic hearth, or the lambent ray of a passing meteor; while faith sweetly whispers, "the flame shall not kindle on thee." To such, the swellings of Jordan, though the proud waves overwhelm the restricting bank, and roar "desolation," shall be as the untroubled heavings of the favouring tide, or the balmy breath of a propitious gale, to waft the exulting mariner to the fair haven of bliss; where the "roaring lion, going about seeking whom he may devour," the gaping furnace of eternal despair, the sable wave of the unfathomed river of death, shall threaten no more for ever.

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CAN sin be a trifle, when it requires the blood of God to take out its stains? God is infinite, therefore every offence against him, whether attended with less, or greater aggravation, is an infinite evil, and nothing less than an infinite sacrifice can atone for it. Who dare face Omnipotence incensed? Rocks and mountains could not shield the culprit, nor the deepest recess of hell hide him from the flaming vengeance.

THE bitter waters of Marah.—A tree was cut down, and part of it cast into the waters, and they were made sweet—a *sweet* type. Thus doth the cross of Christ sweeten the bitter waters of affliction to his people, while passing through the parched wilderness of this world into their promised Canaan of rest.

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"THE Christian's path is thorny." I do not believe it; or if it is, the roses are so thickly blended, that the wounds of the first are healed with the unguent fragrance of the last. While my feet strayed in the broad, illusive and destructive way, how often was my soul pierced! how often did my heart bleed! My mirth was like a vapour, that momentarily gilded the gloom of the long night of spiritual darkness, ignorance and stupidity, which pervaded my soul, and only made the gloom more visible. But when my most merciful Lord was pleased to shine in upon me with his great and marvellous light, how did the vapours fly, the mists evaporate! The thick shades of night crowded away and fled the approach of the "Sun of Righteousness arising with healing under his wings." Truly, "the ways of wisdom are pleasant, and all her paths are peace."

FOLLOW Jesus Christ on earth, and thou shalt follow the path he hath made for thee to heaven. Obey his precepts here, and he will send his ministering spirits to conduct thee to the portals of bliss, where obedience is turned into full fruition, and prayer into praise, a crown for a cross, the oil of joy for a spirit of heaviness, and spotless robes of his own righteousness for filthy rags of sin and pollution.

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THE crucified Redeemer is just such an one as we want, every way fitted for our necessities. He hath fulfilled every jot and tittle of the law, therefore his righteousness is full. He hath suffered all its penalties, and made satisfaction for its violated honours, therefore the atonement is complete. He is omnipotent, none can prevail against him, therefore all who build upon this rock shall surely stand. Omniscient, therefore he knows every thing, and sees all our wants. Omnipresent, therefore is always near to supply. And O the sweetest of all attributes, he is all-merciful, his compassions fail not, and therefore is *able* and *willing* to help and to save to the uttermost, all who come to him. Who that knows his own corrupt nature, does not see the need of such a Saviour!

WHEN my thoughts are on God, and the desires of my heart going out after him and things divine, all goes well; peace smiles around, and I can smile on all; but when again my affections vainly chace the ignus-fatuus of earthly joy, trifles light as air vex and perplex me, disappointments frown, or *fruition* fails to satisfy. Truly, "godliness hath the promise not only of this life, but of that which is to come, and is profitable unto all things."

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"THE dignity of human nature." Alas! who that is sensible of the strong bias to do evil, and the powerful inborn corruptions that are continually exciting him to act in opposition to the will of his Creator, and thereby expose him to eternal ruin;—the aversion he feels (while in a state of this dignified nature) to all that is truly good, must prove, that however dignified it might once have been, its traces are so defaced, that if discernible at all, it only proves a noble work *totally* in *ruins*.

WHATEVER evils may be said to exist in the world, there is but one that the Christian apprehends with terror; the withholding of the Spirit of God, and the consequent withdrawing of the light of his countenance. When supported by these, it is not in the power of calamitous events entirely to break his peace, or destroy his hopes; he can say with Elisha to his servant, "Fear not, they that be with us are more than they that are against us." The illuminations within brighten the darkest prospects without. The loss of property, that "moth doth corrupt," cannot wholly discourage, while he thinks on those treasures laid up in heaven, which are incorruptible, and not exposed to casual accidents. Should friends prove unkind, and those of his own household turn aliens; if supported by the divine consolations within, he remembers with sweet complacency, that "there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother," and this friend he is privileged to claim by the endearing title of "Brother Ransomer." If sickness approach with her wan, melancholy visage, he sweetens her bitter cup with the antidote of patience; he knows his physician is always near, and if he sees in his hidden counsels it is not best to restore his body to health, yet he can administer cordials to the soul, and anoint it with the unction of peace, "which passeth all understanding." Should death approach, does he tremble? Death is the king of terrors! True, he is to all that are out of Christ—but the "sting of death is sin," and here that sting is extracted. "And the strength of sin is the violated law:" but Christ hath fulfilled all the law for

him, therefore it hath no demands upon him: then why should he fear death, seeing he comes as a friend, to set the captive free from a darksome prison, to the full fruition of eternal salvation by grace, *free grace?*

## ANALOGY.

"Except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

WHEN an infant is born into the natural world, it enters on the scene in tears and distress, it is ———, cloathed, and fed with the sweet product of its mother's breast; it is watched with tender care during its helpless years of infancy; and as its powers of perception and reason expand, it is brought under due subordination by the rod, or drawn into a willing obedience by the chords of love.....Thus the child of grace, as soon as he perceives the wretched state he is in, both by nature and practice, comes to the throne of grace with strong cries and tears, for that aid and assistance by which alone he can live. He is then washed in the laver of regeneration, the precious blood of Jesus Christ shed for the remission of sin; he is cloathed with the unspotted robes of his righteousness, and fed with the "pure milk of the word, that he may grow and thrive thereby;" he is watched, guided, supported by the paternal care of his heavenly Father; if the inbred corruptions of his heart turn

him aside, he is brought by the rod into "a way which he knew not;" he sees the slippery steeps he has escaped, and with humble gratitude and submission, blesses the instrument of his salvation; he is then drawn by a higher principle into willing obedience; instead of milk, he begins to feed on meat; as the powers of grace unfold, he sees his Father's hand in every thing, and in every thing acknowledges it; every step he takes on Christian ground, he finds new wonders, something to stop and ponder on; the "mystery of iniquity" in his own heart is, by degrees, unfolded; he sees and trembles, and is made painfully to feel from day to day that original thorn in the flesh, "that when he would do good, evil is with him continually;" and he is often made to cry out, "Wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death!" But here another mystery opens, like the full blaze of noon on the benighted traveller, —the mystery of Redemption: the more he looks into it, the more he wonders, adores, and loves—here he finds a cure for every disease, a remedy against every evil. But the most obstinate enemy of his peace, and the most difficult to elance, is the demon *Unbelief.* Though he makes no scruple of the existence, dominion, majesty, and grace of the ever blessed Redeemer, yet to believe that he has an inalienable right to the glorious privileges of the new covenant, is a subject of deep solicitude and trembling anxiety to his mind: though he longs for it "as the hart panteth for the water brooks," yet he fears to take hold, lest it should be with the hand of presumption, lest he should "walk in the light of a fire kindled by his own sparks, and at last lie down in sorrow." But he resorts to the sacred word for relief, which guides

him as a "pillar of a cloud by day, and of fire by night," through the roaring sea of corruption, and the howling wilderness of temptation, and there finds such cordials as these; "Who is there among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light; let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay himself upon his God." And again; "Those who trust in the Lord shall never be ashamed!" How sweet to his soul is this declaration of the glorious Shepherd of Israel, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me, and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish; neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand: my Father, which gave them me, is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand."

## SONNET TO SPRING.

*Kingston, May* 15, 1809.

FROM Southern climes, on genial wing,
Returns the rosy-footed Spring,
With all her train of sweets;
Wide o'er the rich enamell'd plains,
Where green-rob'd vegetation reigns,
Each scene with rapture greets.

The chilling blast, the sullen roar
Of wint'ry storms, are heard no more;
At her approach they fly.
Thus Charity, more sweet than May,
With plastic hand oft wipes away
The *tear* from sorrow's eye.

Sweet morn, in soft effulgence drest,
Sparkling with dew, dilates the breast,
And bids devotion burn.
Shall he who form'd this ball so fair,
And makes man's life his daily care,
In love meet no return?

Blush, reason! when with careless eye,
You pass each radiant glory by,
Unmindful of that power,
Whose breath exhales the healthful breeze,
In living verdure robes the trees,
And paints the gaudy flower.

Ah! joyous Spring, how frail thy charms!
Soon fervid suns thy pomp disarms,
Thy splendors quickly fly.
Thus beauty's fair, but transient blaze,
Arrests the wondering eager gaze,
And fades beneath the eye.

Who marks the changing year, must see
That all below is vanity,
And yields to death's control;
Save that bright seraph, *Piety;*
At her command time's shadows flee,
And transports fill the soul.

## THE STORM.

THE troubled wave, the dread portentous roar
Of gathering winds, proclaim the tempest nigh;
The sable clouds impetuous torrents pour,
And veil in awful majesty the sky.

With fury charg'd, the elemental strife
Fill'd every breast with terror's pale dismay,
Save he alone, the peaceful Prince of Life,
Releas'd from toil, in balmy slumbers lay.

But when the surges fill'd the tossing bark,
And mock'd the seamen's toil, the pilot's skill;
With starting eye they view each dreadful mark
Of *ruin*, mustering fiercer forces still.

Ah! faithless twelve, how could vain doubts arise?
Did not his miracles each rising day
Attest your Master's mission from the skies,
Whose word the powers of earth and hell obey?

Trembling in haste they wake their slumbering Lord,
Nor knew, though sleep impress'd his mortal frame,
Omniscience slept not—every thought and word
To him were known—in Godhead still the same.

"Save Master, or we perish," loud they cry;
When rising mild as morn's serenest ray,
At whose approach the dusky vapours fly,
And orient splendors usher in the day,

Thus he, benign in majesty and love,
To the wild uproar calmly said, "Be still;"
At once subdued, the pausing billows prove
The winds and waves obedient to his will.

"Where is your faith?" he said, in plaintive tone,
To those who saw his Godlike acts each hour;
Amazing proofs might force a heart of stone
To yield implicit faith, nor doubt his power.

But ah! we cease to wonder, when within
Stern justice turns a strict inquiring eye,
And asks why unbelief, that deadly sin,
Like hidden poison, bids our comforts die?

Doth not his kind protecting care each day,
In every changing scene his love make known?
When sorrows cloud, he smiles the gloom away,
And finds relief if angry conscience frown.

Away despondence, torturing doubts away,
No more dishonour pardoning love divine,
On Calvary see Redemption's banners play,
Our blood-stain'd Captain all victorious shine.

AT this moment, perhaps there are many sanctified spirits, just freed from the clogs of earth, and entering the portals of eternal glory. Oh! with what rapture do they hear their pardon pronounced from the lips of the adorable Redeemer! With what delight do they behold the complacency of their reconciled Father! And with what transporting acclamations do the holy angels and the redeemed throng, hail them to the abodes of everlasting felicity!

## THE SABBATH.

"SWEET is the breath of morn," that morn most sweet,
Which saw its conquering Lord triumphant rise,
Grim death and hell led captive at his feet,
And choirs celestial woo him to the skies.

The gaping grave her proudest trophy yields,
Earth trembled, heaven rejoiced, Jehovah smil'd;
Forth came the victor, who truth's sceptre wields,
Thrones, kingdoms, principalities despoil'd.

But all his glories meekly he foregoes,
Assumes a humble guise, lest sudden fear
Should wound her breast who deeply felt his woes—
Pangs sweetly chang'd to luxury's richest tear.

When through her raptur'd ear, the well known sound
Of "MARY" thrill'd....let thought conceive the rest;
Nor angel's pen could paint the joy profound,
Love, wonder, transport, mingling in her breast.

And shall this day, the precious boon of heaven,
"Heaven all lavish of strange gifts to man,"
Ungrateful man, who scorns the blessings given,
Nor heeds the worth of time's contracted span;

Who like the prodigal, can madly waste
A treasure, small, would buy immortal store,
And while he slumbers, swift the moments haste,
Till rous'd by death, he wakes, *to sleep no more!*—

Say, shall this day, for purest joy design'd,
For rest from earth-born toil, for bliss sublime,
Be lost in sin, despoil'd, disgrac'd, resign'd
To pleasure, business, sloth—how stares the crime?

Rather on wings of gratitude, each thought
Should upward mount, each sweet affection rise;
Peace made with heaven, the ransom'd soul blood-bought,
The loud acclaim should reach the bending skies.

Then sacred be the day thus doubly blest,
Honour'd by him, his honour be our care;
To man redeem'd a pledge of endless rest,
This day he rose, and seal'd the title fair.

## SONNET.

WHAT fair one is this, more serene than the light,
Than the dews of the morning more chaste,
Transcendent in beauties that ravish the sight,
At her feet flow the streams of celestial delight,
While to mortals she cries, "*come and taste?*"

'Tis Happiness—sought and desired by all,
Which few, ah! how few do attain;
Dread fiends guard the pass, and with fetters inthral
The soul that most fondly responds to the call—
Mark a few of the infernal train.

First Envy, who sickens when others are blest,
Or grins o'er the wrecks she displays;
Malignity gnaws like a vulture her breast,
While the virtues or fame of another's confess'd,
From the fair brow of worth wrests the bays.

Next Calumny, arm'd with full quiver and bow,
With a frontlet of brass takes the field;
"Down merit, (she cries) be your honours laid low,
"I hate truth's resplendence, of genius the glow,
"You all to my prowess must yield."

Is life thus encompass'd with evils around?
Then where shall the mind flee from pain?
Will the white plume of peace on this globe ne'er be found?
Is vice with impunity privileg'd to wound?
Is rectitude cherish'd in vain?

I said with a sigh; when a bright beaming form
Descended in pearly array,
As when the dark umbrage of vapours deform
The face of the sky, 'mid the loud howling storm
Sol darts forth a sweet lucid ray.

" Attend to my voice, (she benignantly said)
" Here's a refuge that shields from all harms;
" I am destin'd by heaven the helpless to aid,
" To ward off each arrow their peace would invade,
" Who fly for relief to my arms.

" Those joys I dispense, what the world cannot give,
" Nor powers of darkness destroy;
" Haste, seize the rich gift while 'tis offer'd, and live;
" Press on to the mark,' and you soon shall arrive
" Where bliss flows without an alloy."

## REFLECTIONS IN A GROTTO.

THY pensive stillness, sweetly tranquil grot,
Thy vaulted roof and deep congenial gloom,
Impressive woos the mind to solemn thought,
And breathes the moral of the silent tomb.

Thus, when the awful debt of death is paid,
And time's dread scythe cuts off life's brittle thread,
When in the dust this fragile frame is laid,
And the last tear of friendship's tribute shed;

When left by all to undisturb'd repose,
The narrow cell, " the quiet dreamless bed,"
While o'er the humble mound the green sward grows,
And every trace of fond remembrance fled:

Then, if the deathless spirit, wash'd from stains
Of deep pollution—drink celestial joys,
At Jesu's feet pours forth her grateful strains,
And *grace*, *free-grace*, each new-fledg'd power employs.

To range the argent fields of life and light,
Where uncreated glories stream around,
And one eternal day precludes the night,
While loud hosannas speak the joy profound.

Ye moments haste, this prison'd soul release,
That longs to quit the dry, parch'd vale below,
To reach that shore where sin and sorrow cease,
And living streams of sweet salvation flow.

# THE TEST.

A YOUTH, of large domains possess'd,
While moral virtues swell'd his breast,
  Implor'd our Lord to tell
What brilliant actions he should do,
Might charm e'en heaven itself to view,
  And save his soul from hell.

"Would you obtain eternal life,
"(Our Lord reply'd) refrain from strife,
  "And evidence untrue;
"From murder, theft; each lust control,
"And love thy neighbour as thy soul;
  "Perfection's end pursue."

The boaster cried, "All these I've kept
"From infancy—what lack I yet
  "To seal my claim to bliss?"
"Go sell thy lands to feed the *poor*,
"And follow me from door to door,
  "Nor take the cross amiss."

A sudden chillness froze his blood;
Grief-struck, he like a statue stood,
  While tears spontaneous flow:
"What! taste no more the joys of sense,
"The charms that gold and power dispense,
  "To purchase heaven? Ah! no."

Away in silent grief he went;
Let avarice hear the dread comment
The meek Immanuel drew:
" Shall rich men reach eternal day?
" As soon the unwieldy camel may
" A needle's eye pass through."

Alas! what can so rich be found,
In all the varied, empty round
Of pleasure, wealth, and show,
To purchase one immortal soul,
That lives while endless ages roll,
Ages of bliss or woe?

Ye gaudy baits, phantastic toys,
Illusive dreams, unreal joys,
How like the summer fly;
Ye sport on beams of azure light,
Till tempests howl, or dangers fright,
Ye shrink appall'd and die.

But he who seeks that wealth above,
That moth, nor rust, nor thieves remove,
Dispens'd by love divine;
When sovereign goodness swells his store,
" Imparts his portion to the poor,"
In endless light will shine.

What purer joy, what richer bliss
Can mortals taste, compar'd with this,
To heal the wounded heart,
To dry the tears that copious flow,
To chase the gloom from sorrow's brow,
And peace, sweet peace impart?

Applauding angels hail the deed,
And bear on wings of raptur'd speed
  The fond report to heaven;
Register'd there, till death release
The generous soul—in realms of peace
  The sweet award is given.

## A PRAYER.

THY name, dear Lord, be all my theme,
  Thy tender mercy all my joy,
Thy glory to promote, my aim,
  Thy praise may ev'ry power employ.

O grant thy quick'ning Spirit may,
  This cold, this frozen heart renew,
And chace for ever, far away,
  All that's offensive to thy view.

May love excite my willing mind
  To yield obedience to thy will,
And in *thy strength* assistance find,
  Thy just commandments to fulfil.

O grant that wisdom, pure and mild,
  That meekness, love, and charity,
A single heart, and undefil'd,
  That seeks its only bliss in thee.

Lift on my soul the light divine,
That from thy reconciled face,
Beams love, and joy, and peace benign,
And gives to life a living grace.

Grant, Lord, that where I stay or go,
Thy presence with me still abide,
And when assail'd by fiend or foe,
In thy pavilion make me hide.

In holy rev'rence, filial fear,
Make me to walk the narrow road;
When death shall call, may I appear,
With humble hope before my God.

There all my worthlessness confess
Those crimes that pierc'd my Saviour's side;
And only plead *his righteousness*,
Who for such ingrate rebels died.

A crown of thorns for us he wore,
That we might wear a crown of bliss,
And on the cross he meekly bore
The taunting scoff and cruel hiss.

While o'er his spotless, tender soul,
That ne'er in thought from duty swerv'd,
The floods of flaming vengeance roll,—
Vengeance my sins have well deserv'd.

And can my thankless spirit stray
From such a theme, from such a God?
Oh! may it be my song each day,
Till I shall reach thy bright abode.

# THE SLAVE—A FRAGMENT.

GRACIOUS heaven! whence that shriek of terror, those screams of agonizing nature, those heart-rending entreaties for mercy and forbearance? Hark! the multiplied strokes of the resounding lash, levelled by the ferocious hand of cruelty on the writhing limbs of a poor defenceless female, only rising into womanhood, and subjected by injustice and tyranny to the unqualified barbarity of savage ignorance and turpitude. Eternal Justice! where sleeps the thunder-bolt of vengeance? How long shall man trample on the neck of his fellow, and despotism, whether in miniature or full grown power, triumph over the rights of suffering humanity? The turbid strides of this hydra-headed monster, from the lawless usurper of a throne to the domineering master of a slave, is marked by the deluge of human blood, the galling yoke of oppression, the horrors of devastation, or the unavailing tear, and the convulsive sigh. Do those who wantonly sport with the misery of others, and exercise cruelty on a fellow being because there is no appeal from their authority, ever "reason on righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come?" I presume not; or like Felix they would tremble at the idea of that awful retribution, soon to be inflicted by an incensed and inflexibly just judge, who hath declared in his word, that he will "show mercy only to the merciful, and to the froward he will show himself froward." He who heareth the cry of the young raven, and careth for the helpless brood of the forest, will he not, think you,

hear the cries of the oppressed, afflicted creature whom he has endowed with the gift of immortality, and who is equally the candidate with his master for everlasting life or eternal death? Or rather, is not the proprietor of the slave responsible for his demerits, if the means of grace hath been withheld, and the way of life never pointed out; but, on the contrary, daily example hath led him into the commission of crimes sanctioned (as ignorance always supposes) by like practices of those above them, and rendered callous by unrelaxed severity to the finer feelings of the soul, and the gentle allurements of virtue? Is not that heart formed of adamant, that can mingle in the soul-sickening draught of slavery the bitter ingredients of insolence, contempt, and outrage? When "the cup of trembling" is put into his own hand, shall he not drink it to the dregs? Doubtless, and may yet have to call on the wretch whom he now crushes in the dust "for a drop of cold water to cool the end of his tongue," and be denied!

## SONNET TO CONTENTMENT.

SAY, gentle maid, in daizied dell
Or whispering grove thou lov'st to dwell,
Or in the moss-grown ivy'd cell
From noise retir'd,
With contemplation's magic spell
And fancy fir'd?

Or in the hamlet's rural scene,
Where nymphs and swains at eve are seen
In rustic sports upon the green,
All care forgot;
Nor lore of learning intervene,
Nor high-fledg'd thought?

Or in the city's dusky haunts,
Where vanity in tinsel flaunts,
And pomp with idle grimace vaunts
Superior joys,
While self-created pains and wants
Repose destroys?

Or on the cloud-capp'd spire of fame,
That lifts to view the hero's name,
Dost love to greet the loud acclaim
Of trump or song,
That swells with wild unguided flame
The madd'ning throng?

Where purse-proud wealth, in lordly state,
Spurns the pale beggar from his gate;
Then views askance, with eye elate,
His countless heaps;
If woe-worn wight his tale relate,
Supinely sleeps.

Can pleasure's fairy bowers decoy
Thy careful feet with seeming joy,
While riot's hidden fangs destroy
The germ of peace,
And conscience dreaded whips annoy,
As crimes increase?

It is not empty scenes like these,
Thy quick discerning eye can please,
That through illusive roses sees
The covert thorn;
From each betraying phantom flees
With holy scorn.

Thou lov'st the meek and quiet mind,
By heaven renewing grace refin'd,
And with pure wisdom ever find
A welcome there;
With faith and holiness combin'd,
A lovely pair.

Whether in town, or court, or cot,
For place or name thou carest not,
The virtuous few by thee are sought,
With thee are blest;
And to the unaspiring lot
Gives sweetest rest.

# THE DEMONIAC.

WILD as the Euriclidon sweeps the main,
Or fierce tornado tears th' uprooted trees,
While gloomy devastation hovers round,
And ruin stalks o'er desolated plains:—
Thus in the captive wretch by satan bound,
The infernal legion rag'd with havoc dire,
While reason, judgment, sense, distended lie,
Each fair proportion of the moral powers,
The mangled victims of satanic ire,
Are immolated in a living tomb.
He flies the cheerful habitable haunts
Of smiling day—with dead men's bones he dwells,
Where cyprus shades and hollow graves respond
The doleful groan and pain extorted yell:
While demons urge the self-inflicted wound,
From lacerated veins exulting view
The purple stream—Such are the joys they taste
Who (fiend-like) triumph in another's woe,
Rapacious bid a reputation bleed,
And riot on the spoils of slaughter'd peace.
In all the various forms (how num'rous)
Of life's calamities, can fancy find
A case more desp'rate, on ev'ry side forlorn?
The present, and the future one black scene
Of dread remediless, accumulating woe:
He seems a wreck on misery's ocean lost,
Nor lost alone—had not the genial "Sun
Of Righteousness arose with healing wings,"
The rankling wounds of sin and death to cure,

The human race had in one besom plung'd,
Of dire despair, inevitably lost.
But when from far th' affrighted fiends descried
" The Father's express image in the Son,"
Awe-struck they belch involuntary praise,
And trembling plead a mitigated doom.
Nor plead in vain—Not now, with thunder arm'd,
As when from heaven he hurl'd them headlong down
Through troubled chaos to the burning lake;
His mission here wore mercy's olive badge,
On ev'ry leaf inscrib'd " good will to man;"
All meek and lamb-like in each word and look,
Embolden'd demons dare prefer a boon.
He hears and grants, that thoughtless men may see
The enfuriate malice of " those dogs of hell,"
When sovereign power permits them to destroy,
Soon as the unconscious brutes they seize,
Whirl'd as in eddies, tumbling down the steep,
Th' astonish'd wave the madd'ning herd o'erwhelms.
While thrilling transport fills th' enfranchis'd soul,
Where reason gladly reassumes the sway,
And grateful tides of sweet sensations rise,
As when the sun long hid in lowering storms,
" Looks out and smiles," the sorrowing landscape
Re-illumin'd revives, its soften'd bosom
Drinks in trickling tears the solar ray.
Did not the glorious act—the peerless man,
With love inspire the wildly gaping crowd?
Did not hosanna's rend the list'ning skies,
Or prostrate adoration kiss the ground?
O blush humanity! here see thyself,
This faithful mirror shows thy native form.
No soft relentings melt their sordid souls,
A fellow man is sav'd indeed—but ah!

The *herd* is *lost*—they *pray* him to depart.
Preserve us heaven from such inverted prayer.
The sequel hear ye who for worldly gain,
Or vapid pleasure bid the Saviour go;
He hears their prayer, and quits the thankless shore,
Nor e'er returns with offer'd terms of grace.

## POVERTY COMPLAINING.

WHERE silence woos to rest the mind,
Far in a vale I sought to find
A short retreat from care;
To steal a note from wisdom's voice,
But seldom heard mid show and noise,
I hop'd to meet her there.

Foreboding Autumn's sickly ray,
And hollow murmurs seem'd to say,
"See pictur'd here life's date,
"The wither'd grove, the faded mead,
"For time's improvement loudly plead,
"That seals th' unalter'd state."

Pleas'd with the lore I wander'd far,
Nor busy scenes intrusive mar
Lone thought—a rich repast;
As retrospection view'd the year,
A plaintive sound broke on my ear,
Borne by the sighing blast.

A form approach'd with pensive air,
A wreath of rush bound up her hair,
Nor airy graces play;
Around her brow by toil embrown'd,
Her hopeless eye towards the ground
Still bent its cheerless ray.

Her garb of stinted shreds supply'd,
An empty scrip hung by her side,
To theft by want unbrib'd.
I ask'd her name—with wistful look
A label from her neck she took,
With "Poverty" inscrib'd.

"Ah! fly the hated name, (she cried)
"To blind contumely ally'd,
"Of all denied but health;
"An outcast still; in every age
"The wise, the learn'd, the saint, the sage
"Bow to the idol wealth.

"Her magic touch, as fancy fits,
"Green headed fools transforms to wits,
"And gilds destructive vice;
"My hapless race in vain may try
"With fairest deeds to catch the eye,
"If gold its charm denies."

Ah! cease thy plaints, (I said) forbear,
Though low thy cot and hard thy fare,
Thy honours reach the sky:
When God's own Son came down to dwell
On earth, he chose thy lowliest cell,
Nor breath'd a murm'ring sigh.

Foxes have holes wherein to rest,
The tenant of the air a nest,
The cottager a bed;
But he who gives to all their lot,
By whom the worlds were form'd, had not
"Whereon to lay his head."

Still to thy sons his grace descends,
He hears their cries, their cause defends,
Who daily seek his face.
Then let the worldling scorn thy state,
Not many rich, not many great,
Are children of his grace.

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## THE VIOLET.

LOVELY little flower! arrayed in purple and gold, cinque leaved, and edg'd by the nicest touch of nature's pencil—how richly elegant! how sweetly simple is thy attire! yet with declined head thou seekest the embowering rose-tree, or the mantling honeysuckle, to hide thee from the gaze of the admiring eye. Go little paragon, go to the bedizen'd coquette, or the painted belle, and show her that in vain she wastes her precious hours at the toilette, in vain she exhausts the resources of art; though she sparkle in diamonds, and glitter in brocade, she can never attain thy exquisite charms, thy inimitable beauty and elegance.

## THE HEALING TOUCH.

WHETHER in lonely wild, or desert glen,
The Lord of life from toil a respite seeks,
The clam'rous multitudes pursue him still
For needful aid of sovereign specific.
Where fell diseases human skill defies,
And devils hold in dire captivity;
Or wander-loving vagrants all athirst
For new and strange, idly curious run;
Or dark malignity with savage watch
And murd'rous eye, pours on the destin'd prey
With secret pharisaic plots to crush
The blaze of truth too pungent to withstand,
That strips the canting hypocrites disguise,
Unfolds the foul misdeed and bloated thought
Foster'd in the nest of rank corruption,
And plaster'd o'er with sanctified grimmace.
For loaves and fishes hap'ly some who lov'd
The unearn'd roll, and hop'd again to feast
Their longing appetites with solace high,
As when the wilderness by skill divine
With food delicious term'd. Amid the throng
A suffering daughter stood of faithful
Abraham—for twice six tedious years
Consuming sickness robb'd the night of rest,
The day of joy. Mock'd by each vain attempt
Of aid medicinal, the cherub health,
Nor gold, nor skill restores—her substance spent,
What now remains to nourish hope, kind gift
Of heaven, whose lenient hand and cheering smile

Smooths the rough couch of pain, and sweetly sheds
A soften'd lustre o'er the brow of woe.
Borne on the rumour of ten thousand tongues
The matchless power and condescending grace
Of him who turn'd not from the suppliant's prayer,
Whose word resistless bid the dumb rejoice,
The lame to leap, restor'd disorgan'd sense,
And from the tomb call'd forth the slumb'ring dead—
Desponding hope revives—though weak her frame,
Nerv'd by the nobler principle of faith,
With timid step and bashful modesty,
(That conquering charm of female excellence)
She saught concealment in the busy crowd,
If haply unperceiv'd by all, obtain
A cure and pass unheeded by. Arriv'd
Where veil'd in flesh, Omnipotence dispens'd
Far richer balm than Gilead's gardens knew,
With deepest reverence, and trembling hand
She touch'd the robe that wrapt the present God;
Quick as the vivid flash that gilds the gloom
Of Summer clouds, the renovating warmth
And mantling glow of joy-inspiring health
Her wasted form renews. But soon dismay
Darkens the face of joy—the fact is urg'd,
And strict inquiry proves, nor secret thought,
Nor hidden act, the all-pervading eye
Eludes, that in one view takes in the past,
The present and the future. Rolling years
To thousands run, are but as yesterday;
Nor in his estimation, great or small,
A floating atom, or the blazing sun;
A dying insect, or a sinking world.
Conviction draws a full confession forth,
Low in the dust with falt'ring tongue she owns

Th' approved deed her terror deems too bold.
Fear not fair child of faith, no keen rebuke
Or stern remonstrance trembles on those lips
Whose law is kindness to the contrite heart.
" A bruised reed he will not break, nor quench
" The smoaking flax." Who humbly trusts his grace,
Like thee, shall find peace like a river flow,
That lasting peace, the desultory joys
And vain pursuits of time and sense cannot
Bestow—nor dark vicissitude destroy.
*The elements shall melt with fervent heat,
The earth with all her works in flames expire,
And like a scroll th' affrighted heavens shall flee
With mighty crash, when time shall be no more.
But he who builds upon this rock shall view,
Calm as the vernal breath of dewy eve,
The wild contention of convulsing orbs,
" And stand secure amid the wreck of worlds."

* 2 Peter iii. 10.

## FILIAL.

THOUGH long I mourn'd with fond regret
A tender Father's fostering care;
Early bereav'd, his sun thus set
Full orb'd in life's meridian fair.

But he, the widow's faithful guide,
The helpless orphan's surest stay,
Did richly for each want provide,
And sweetly cheer'd the devious way.

And still when clouds impervious shed
A chilling gloom across my road,
They fly, soon as my hands I spread
To thee my Father and my God.

O! still preserve thy helpless charge,
In thy paternal arms enfold;
With thy free grace my soul enlarge,
And give me wisdom's richest gold.

Still may my tongue and pen declare
The sweetness of thy love divine;
Thy honour be my life's chief care,
And when I die be ever thine.

# REFLECTIONS ON PROFANING THE SACRED NAME OF GOD.

THE astonishing temerity and bold licentiousness with which the holy name of him before whom the seraphims veil their faces, is continually abused and insulted—is a strong evidence of the degeneracy of mind and manners of the present times; and we have much reason to fear, is also an ominous prelude to the national miseries that seem hovering around the awful avengers of national impiety. Many indignantly repel the name of infidel as a reproach to their moral character; and others, still more inconsistent, make high profession of religion, and yet hesitate not, with the most frigid indifference, to mingle this sacred name with the idle jest, the ludicrous tale, the forbidden asseveration, or the wilful prevarication. Whatever such may be *professionally*, they are *practically* of that species of infidels who wound the cause of religion more deeply than the most formidable attacks of her open and avowed enemies are able to do! To believe in the existence of a God, terrible in majesty, and omnipotent in power, and not fear him, argues a petrifaction (if I may so speak) of the faculties of the mind, difficult to realize. If then it is a self-evident truth, that this vice originates in unbelief, how widely, how ruinously has the pestilential disease of practical infidelity pervaded the land? Nor is it only in the rougher sex that this evil is found to exist. How often, alas! is the coral lip of female softness tarnished by a disgraceful oath, and the harmony of that voice, originally

modulated to the angelic vocations of praise and gratitude, changed into dissonance the most grating by the bold and impious profanation of his name, "from whom cometh every good and perfect gift?" It is here this poisonous weed roots deep and spreads wide. From the strong bias that maternal influence gives to the infant mind, it can hardly fail of becoming hereditary whenever it is thus practised. Many plead in their own defence, that the impious use of profane language has rendered them altogether unconscious of it. If the commission of one crime can wipe away the stain of another, this apology may stand; if not, the apologist only implicates himself in deeper guilt; and it is difficult to determine which is most reprehensible, the criminal remissness by which he suffered such a pernicious habit to rivet its chains upon him, or the stupid inanity with which he now indulges it. That the standard of morals must sink with the decline of religion is a well-attested fact. That these are the august pillars on which human happiness depends, is a truth sufficiently evinced in the recent events of a neighbouring nation. If so, how dreadfully the fabric totters! What (without a speedy reformation and repentance) but "a fearful looking for of fiery indignation" is to be anticipated? Where is that tenderness "feelingly alive" to the glory of the Creator, and that watchfulness for his honour, who has distinguished this people with peculiar, invaluable, and innumerable blessings? And what are the returns? Let every eye turn inward, and there read the register of ingratitude till the soul sickens at the black catalogue, and shrinks into self-annihilation. Deprived of these resources, whither shall we fly? Nothing less than an "anchor, sure and steadfast" on

this tempestuous ocean of life, can confer security; without which there can be no permanent repose. And where can this unbroken confidence be found? Where, but in the arms of an all-sufficient, ever-present God, "able and willing to help and to save to the uttermost!" Or where shall we resort for the reciprocal interchanges of benevolence and her fair train of attendant virtues, but in the cheerful haunts of a well-organized society, the harmonious offspring of true piety, and her inseparable companion, morality? Can such favours be expected by those who act in open defiance of the authority, and trample under foot the honour of the Giver? Reason, justice, and the word of truth say no. There we read that the wicked shall not go unpunished. Though the sword of divine justice may be suspended through time, a more awful retribution of eternal punishment must await the finally impenitent.

## ADDRESS TO PEACE.

CROWN'D with the olive and the wheaten wreath,
Long on Columbia's shores, celestial queen,
Protract thy reign, 'mid bowers of social ease,
And all the soothing sympathies of life;
While generous plenty scatters round her gifts,
And home-born bliss attunes the oaten reed,
To Gallia's murderous sons resign
The reeking laurel, and the guilt-stain'd crown,
The sullen roar, or clarion shrill of war,
The ceaseless din of clashing sword and shield,
The crimson'd plain, where pale insatiate death
In grisly terrors plies the hostile dart,
And "grinning horribly" malign surveys
The wild empassion'd gesture of despair,
The mangled limbs, the anguish-writhing form,
The dimly gleaming eye, the lurid lip
That quivering breathes the long expiring groan—
Soul-sick'ning sight away. Turn we to view
The tranquil scenes thy gentle sway inspires:
Wide o'er thy lov'd domain, fair science sheds
With radiance mild, and emanation pure,
Ethereal glories o'er the enraptur'd mind,
Awakes the ardent wish of public weal,
Expands with generous love, to human kind,
Indignant spurns the petty cares of self,
Lost in the god-like aim, the good of *all*.
Here sits the fearless swain beneath his vine,
Untortur'd by the rack of tyrant power,
Worships his God as conscience dictates;

(O privilege high, what thanks to him are due!)
Nor frowning despot wrings the well-earn'd gain
From labour's faithful hand, and sun-burnt brow,
To aid the ravage of a neighbour's right,
To swell the streaming tide of human gore,
And bid the flames of desolation spread.
Lives there a heart, within the favour'd bound
Of Freedom's Isles, can wish thy reign extinct?
Exist the wretch, whose ruthless soul unmov'd
Urges the sword of fierce vindictive war;
With specious wile, and secret scheme, betrays
His country's sacred rights to foreign power;
Invokes stern ruin in each dreaded form
To shed her baleful influence o'er the realm,
And wrest the sceptre from thy plastic hand;
While honest anguish wakes the patriot sigh,
And trembling expectation fondly stoops
O'er the sick pillow of desponding hope,
Withering in the grasp of intern foes?
But while the nations swell the tumult round,
Though threat'ning danger sound the dread alarm,
Though heathens rage, and shaking kingdoms fall,
And earth convulsing to her centre quake,
God is our refuge—he, whose steady hand,
Unseen, controls the various turns below,
Exalts the throne, or casts the sceptre down,
And from confusion bids fair order rise;
"From seeming evil still deducing good"
To all, who yield that homage *due from all.*

# THE BEGGAR BOY.

PITY the sorrows of a suffering *child*,
To pinching want and hopeless mis'ry sold;
No love parental on my birth has smil'd,
No friendly roof protects me from the cold.

Oh! save the vagrant, bid me not depart,
Longer to roam unheeded and forlorn;
One drop of mercy's cheering balm impart,
And shield a lamb that to the quick is shorn.

A few more rolling suns this arm shall nerve;
A few more seasons teach these hands to toil;
If now your care this hapless life preserve,
That life shall be devoted to your will:

Or if from me no kind return be given,
If early woes prepare an early tomb,
Applauding angels tell such deeds in heaven,
Where fadeless glories round thy brow will bloom.

# THE WITHERED HAND.

OFT as the sacred morn of rest arose,
That yields the care-worn mind a sweet repose,
Of mortal toil unbinds the galling load,
And points with radiant beam the soul to God.
Where gathering crowds resort as custom taught,
Or idle whim, or pious duty brought,
Thither the great Immanuel bends his way,
(And still he loves to meet where Churches pray,
Nor praying multitudes confine his care,
If two or three are joined, he still is there.)
August in majesty, benignly wise,
Celestial lustre beaming from his eyes,
He views the throng with expectation mute,
Nor envious pharisees had rais'd dispute;
With secret rage on vengeful murder bent,
In watchful silence wrapt their black intent.
Nor rebel worm he fears, nor fiend of hell,
Resisting thrones and powers, a word can quell.
Far nobler aims his gentle thoughts employ,
His Father's will, and man's reprieve his joy.
Bland peace enwreaths her olive round his brows,
And on his cheek suffusive pity glows.
Compassion marks a child of sorrow stand,
With sapless arm, and cold and wither'd hand;
Pendant it hung, a useless load and dead,
The sinewy force and agile motion fled:
Soon as the potent mandate struck his ear,
"*Stretch forth thy hand*,"—active as liquid air,
Electric springs, thus it to health restor'd,

There the wrapt anthem's ceaseless peal,
The countless harps of joy shall swell,
As truth its mysteries reveal,
And pard'ning love its wonders tell.

JESUS CHRIST, the crown and glory of my head, the light of my eyes, the joy and consolation of my heart, my theme for ever; oh! thou my tongue, be thou prompt to speak his praise, and plead his cause; be my hands ready for his service; my heart filled with wonder, love, and astonishment; and mine eyes overflowing with gratitude to him, who freely gave himself a ransom for me. O *grace!* infinite, sovereign, free, and adorable *grace*—the choral sounds of heaven—the minstrelsy of Paradise * * * * * *

# ESAU.

LUXURIOUS Esau, not content to share
The frugal board that patriarch temp'rance spread;
O'er hill and dale he hunts the bounding deer,
Or timid hare from secret covert frights.
Where'er the bold invader bends his course,
The sylvan songsters cease the sprightly lay,
The harmless tenants of the wilds retreat,
Taught by the *fall*, degenerate man to fear,
Intuitive elude the murderous bow.
Far through the mant'ling wood, or devious fen,
His sport pursues, till weakened nature fails,
And craving appetite imperious grew.
Exhausted, pale, and faint, with footsteps slow,
He reach'd his brother's peaceful calm retreat,
Where wholesome viands, set in simple state
With savory fumes, invite the sweet repast.
Long had the perverse Esau set at nought
His father's counsels—with the proscrib'd race
Mingled the blood by heaven sanctified
For holy use, and gracious end design'd.
From Abram's root to Jesse's favour'd stem,
From whence the branch of Zion's hope should spring,
His elder right to this high privilege
Abused, dishonour'd, every claim dissolv'd:
The slighted gift offended heaven recals.
And now by influence divine inspir'd,
The younger born the injur'd trust retrieves,
And with a sordid mess of pottage buys
A glorious birth-right, scepter'd kings might crave.

## AUTUMN—A HYMN.

To thee, the source of every perfect good,
Whose word from chaos bid fair order rise;
Prescrib'd the bounds that check the rolling flood,
And spread the glories of the ambient skies;—

Thy fiat still in herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Creative calls their annual treasures forth;
Nor less the golden ear proclaims thy power,
Than when thou first spake nature into birth.

The spheres harmonious in their courses roll,
The changing seasons fill the measur'd round;
Omniscience fills, and wisdom guides the whole,
Thy tender care pervades earth's farthest bound.

The bounteous product of the rip'ning year
The pleasing claims of gratitude renews;
While autumn in her mantling robes appear,
And smiling plenty wide thy gifts diffuse.

While every object prompts the song of praise,
And all around inspires with calm delight,
The fading field to reason's eye pourtrays
A moral richly fraught, if scan'd aright.

The world of nature was not form'd thus wise
Alone to gratify the meaner part;
The twofold plan that brings to sense supplies,
Conveys some useful lesson to the heart.

In every varying form that nature wears,
As in a glass the moral world is seen;
The falling leaf, like man's declining years,
Precedes the wintry grave that shuts the scene.

To trace effects up to their parent source,
Whence radiant truth, in bright effulgence springs,
To watch in Providence's mysterious course,
Those counsels deep that good from evil brings,—

Rewards the search; for wisdom's ways are peace,
And all her paths with unguents thickly spread;
And when this little round of things shall cease,
With living honours crowns her vot'ry's head.

'Tis thine alone, eternal God, to give
Pure wisdom's lamp—the "day-spring from on
"high;"
Oh! may it guide our steps, till each arrive
Where Eden's fruits and flowers never die.

Whose rich immunities o'er earth's wide round
The nations bless, till time's long annals close,
When sense was gratify'd, and thought awake,
Insulted reason reassumes the throne
With frowning brow, and dread remonstrance bids
Reflection turn and view the shameful deed.
Contrition wrings the penitential tear,
And piercing anguish tears the culprit's heart.
Alas! too late; Omnipotence incens'd,
Refus'd to hear, the day of grace is pass'd,
The grant transfer'd, and sicken'd hope expires.
Whose bosom burns not with indignant fire,
And execration 'gainst a wretch so vile,
Who dar'd to sport with Majesty divine,
And basely cast a pearl so rich away?
Pause ye, a moment pause, who daily scorn
The proffer'd gift of pard'ning love divine,
And trample under foot the precious blood
Of God's own Son, that purest source of bliss,
Whose holy streams the throne of mercy laves,
And crowns with light, and life, and fadeless joy.
All this contemn'd—for what? A mess of pottage;
Less, for fleeting forms of fancied good
That tempt the eye, and still elude the grasp.
Thus the vague meteor sporting on the breeze,
Misleads the thoughtless trav'ler from his path
To howling wilds, and death infested dens;
Then leaves him dark and hopeless, to lament
The vain pursuit that led his steps astray
From peaceful scenes and haunts of cheerful day.

## APHORISM.

WOULD you escape the dark malignant leer,
The bitter taunt, the spirit-wounding sneer;
Then view green folly, with reflection cool;
Reproof inflames, but never mends the fool.

## BARTIMEUS.

A HAPLESS mendicant, with tatter'd weed
And rayless orb, along the highway stray'd,
From charity's cold hand to beg a poor
And scanty pittance—oft the humble suit
Prefer'd in vain to prosperous apathy,
Whose pamper'd appetites fastidious feel
No tender sympathy for mis'ry's pangs,
Or stinted meed that poverty sustains.
With lingering pace the tardy moments roll,
And joyless, all since last th' inspiring beam
Of cheering vision bless'd his sightless eye.
From painful thought by sudden clamor rous'd,
The din of multitudes inquiry prompts,
When told 'twas Jesus passing on that way,

A renovating fervor nerv'd anew
His withering frame—he calls for mercy—
Loudly calls, though pride unpitying checks
The infant hope, and deems it bold and vain.
But when the voice of mercy reach'd his ear,
His ragged vestment to the winds he threw,
Nor aught impedes, till at his Sov'reign's feet
Himself resigns. What sweet benignity
Shone on the brow "of God made manifest!"
The tear of pity trembled in his eye,
As radiant dew adorns the flower
And draws its sweetness forth t' enrich the air.
With gentle voice he asks what he should do,
Or what relief the sufferer most desir'd?
Not that he need be told, nor then, nor now,
What most his followers want. He knows each pang—
He feels each wound—in every member bleeds,
And treasures every tear. But fervent prayer
Prefer'd in faith, was the divine decree,
Should be the channel whence his blessings flow
From the exhaustless fountain of his love.
"Lord grant me sight," the poor petitioner cried;
In faith he ask'd, see faith's efficiency;
'Tis done—a world of wonders opens wide
On his astonish'd view. Most wondrous he
Who form'd them thus, and stood unveil'd, lovely
In form; in moral beauty far beyond
All human thought, of fair and excellent.
But who can paint the transport of his soul
Restor'd to nature's charms! 'tis he alone
Who taught by goodness infinite to feel
His lost estate—by the first fathers fall
Involv'd in sin—by nature poor, and blind,
And helpless—but by practice tenfold guilt

And misery incur'd. The shades of death
Are deep'ning round, absorb'd in black despair;
No ray of peace pervades the dreadful gloom:
But if the gospel sound salute his ear,
Hope sweetly springs, while grace aloud proclaims
A willing all-sufficient Saviour nigh.
Though guilt forbids, faith grasps the offer'd gift,
He casts his filthy works of death away,
And passive lies at the Redeemer's feet.
Eternal mercy smiles—the gloom dispels—
The mists evaporate—the eye of faith
Discerns the Prince of Peace resplendent shine
With pardon in his hands; the world of grace
Unfolds new mysteries of love to man;
He sees the topstone of Redemption laid,
And tastes an antepast of heavenly joys.

Impell'd by sovereign power, obeys the word.
'Tis thus the fallen soul by sin destroy'd,
Inert and dark, of moral strength devoid,
Still prone to earth, nor higher solace knows,
Save the low transient joy that sense bestows.
Yet if the sacred word transfix the heart,
And truth divine its energies impart;
Sin-sick, abhorrant of herself would fly
The dark clay cottage, late her only joy,
While weeping penitence her sins deplore,
As conscience sternly counts the thousands o'er.
But when (commission'd from the throne above)
Sweet mercy chaunts life-breathing strains of love,
With lenient hand wipes *stains* and *tears* away,
Resistless woos to realms of endless day;
She views the bright reversion in the skies,
Nor longer earth's illusions charm her eyes.

## PHILANDER AND EUPHEMIA—VIRTUE REWARDED.

### PHILANDER.

SWEET maid, though humble as thy garb appears,
And thy fair face impressive sadness wears,
What though thy hand the gleaner's pittance hold,
Thus rarely form'd in nature's finest mould;
In vain shall chilling want assert her claim,
And poverty deny a wreath of fame;

Mild virtue sits enthron'd upon thy brow,
And on thy cheek blooms modesty's pure glow;
While every gesture dignity displays,
Each look declares thee born to better days.

EUPHEMIA.

Though bright the auspice on my birth that smil'd,
And gilded hope my morn of life beguil'd,
But soon alas! each glitt'ring phantom fled,
When threat'ning ruin gather'd o'er my head.
Thus, by the rosy hand of morn withdrawn
The saffron curtains of the blushing dawn,
As sol irradiates the blue expanse,
And spicy gales the whispering groves entrance;
The tepid dew inhales the enamour'd ray,
Each gem the trees' varied hues display;
The vales made vocal by the feather'd choir,
Symphonious sounds to wake new joys conspire.
But if the sullen vapours dark'ning roll,
And lurid lightnings dart from pole to pole;
While bellowing winds o'er shaking forests roar,
And muttering clouds full charg'd their torrents pour;
How chang'd the scene—how mute the tuneful grove!
Swept in the dust the gaudy dew-drops prove;
How vain those splendors each assum'd elate,
The faithful emblems of my chang'd estate.

PHILANDER.

Unus'd to sorrow's melancholy theme,
Few waves have cross'd my life's unruffled stream;
With "noiseless tenor" and unvaried flow,
Alike unknown to transport and to woe;

To view my reaper-train when harvest smil'd,
And jocund mirth each pensive thought beguil'd;
Or in the meditative shade alone
With solitude my highest joys have known.
But new emotions now my bosom fills,
Now trem'lous fear, and now soft rapture thrills.
If this be love, let love with honour join'd,
Unite to soothe the anguish of thy mind.
Forgive, if yet my wishes are too bold,
Fain would I hear thy fateful story told;
As each recounted pang arrests my ear,
My eye shall pay the tribute of a *tear*.

## EUPHEMIA.

With ample fortune, and still ampler mind,
My father dwelt where Hudson's waters wind;
The freighted bark, laden'd from cultur'd plains,
Had oft return'd with traffic's lib'ral gains:
Large was his bounty as his treasure grew,
Nor envious thought, nor dark suspicion knew;
To aid the poor, and raise the drooping head
Of merit, withering in the chilling shade;
Still to the widow's prayer he turn'd an ear,
Nor e'er withstood the magic of a *tear;*
While pure devotion taught his hopes to rise
To the unwasting joys beyond the skies.
Each power alive to friendship's gen'rous flame,
His heart and purse the tributes of her claim.
A garbful relative with plausive tale
Of woes unfelt, his cred'lous ears assail;
With base unhallow'd tear, and accent fond,
Implores his signet to th' insolvent bond;

Then with his hoarded gold the villain flies,
And leaves his friend, the rav'ning bailiff's prize.
Stript of his flocks and herds, and peaceful home,
He fondly hop'd for days of ease to come.
The freighted vessel, soon from distant isles
With wealth expected, present care beguiles;
And oft he said, with meek yet tearful eye,
"Not for myself I heave the long-drawn sigh,
"For thee, my much lov'd wife—my helpless child,
"I mourn your fair inheritance despoil'd;
"Yet trust propitious Providence will give
"Safe in my bark the frugal means to live:
"'Tis but the voice of discontent and pride,
"That weeps if empty splendors are denied;
"Content delights to dwell with humble life,
"Alike remote from danger and from strife;
"And in the lonely shade, where quiet sleeps,
"Sweet piety her peaceful vigil keeps."
While yet with fond affection fix'd to hear
The moral truths vibrated on my ear,
Disastrous tidings blast the cherish'd hope—
The bark is lost—our last remaining prop.
"Ah now (he cried with streaming uprais'd eye)
"To thee who hears the callow raven's cry,
"What though thy rod a frowning aspect wears,
"Thy staff shall still support my waning years,
"And when the tide of sorrow bears me hence,
"Will be my weeping widow's sure defence;
"Will guard my child from all surprising harms,
"Secure from ill in thy protecting arms:
"The Lord hath given, and now resumes the same,
"Thy will be done, and blessed be thy name."
Then to a distant vale we fled, to hide
From blind contumely, and ruthless pride.

Ah! none can tell but those who feel the pain
Of cheering kindness chang'd to cold disdain.
Then first I learn'd (with grief) how rare to find
Friendship's pure gold, that treasure of the mind;
Though wealth the alluring shadow still may buy,
The shadow with the wealth will ever fly.
Now in the peaceful grave my father sleeps,
Silent and pale my widow'd mother weeps,
While on her faded lips sweet patience dwells,
Sighs half suppress'd, her heaving bosom swells.
Soon will unpitying death's relentless dart
Rend the last comfort from my bleeding heart.
Firmly she stood, nor reck'd the loss of gold,
Nor heeded friendship's fervors iced with cold;
Still in my father's love serenely bless'd,
Her only care to heal his wounded breast:
Reft of that solace now, no longer brave,
Wasting apace, she sighs but for the grave:
As some fair flower withstands the torrid ray,
Nor frosts autumnal chase its bloom away;
But when rude winter howls with tempest's dread,
Hides in the drifted bank its drooping head.
Now while a balmy slumber seals her eyes,
I came to gain for want some small supplies,
That watchful care around her bed denies.

PHILANDER.

Alas! while fostering plenty crown'd my days
With careless sports, or soft reclining ease,
Thy gentler heart by piercing conflicts torn,
Withstood the pelting storm, unhous'd, forlorn.
Full oft my eye hath mark'd with deep surprise,
The good, the brave, the pious, and the wise,

Strugg'ling with poverty, with pain and care,
While prosp'rous villainy, in mansion fair,
Exulting revel'd on the ill got gain,
Untouch'd by sorrow, and exempt from pain.
Surely that power that governs all below,
Must love fair virtue's emanating glow;
Must love the heaven-taught off'rings duty brings,
Himself the fountain whence all goodness springs.
Since what he loves supremely blest must be,
Can human reason solve the mystery?

## EUPHEMIA.

Nor hope in reason's boasted light to find
A steadfast ray to guide the doubtful mind;
The sacred page with truth's transcendent blaze,
The deep unravel'd mystery displays;
There the " pure brightness of the Father's might
" Brings life and immortality to light;"
Proclaims the awful retributive hour,
When rebel worms shall feel and own his power;
When the red bolts from justice' hand is hurl'd,
And vengeance wraps in flames the guilty world.
But to the sin-sick soul that wisely seeks
The balm of life, a milder language speaks;
Points to the rod and staff that safely lead
The chosen flock in pastures green to feed:
And all who would to future joys aspire,
Must pass through tribulation's trying fire;
Not that our pains can take our guilt away,
A higher sacrifice that debt must pay;
Stamp'd with infinity each crime must stand;
Can finite pay an infinite demand?

Ah! no; but grace ineffable reveals
The living stream, that sin and sorrow heals.
Affliction proves how vain terrestrial bliss,
Nor trusts the meteor forms of happiness;
To brighter hopes, and nobler views aspires,
Till earth, with all her toys, in faith expires.

PHILANDER.

Soft as the calm descent of vernal showers,
Sweet as the dew exhales the op'ning flowers;
So fall thy accents, fraught with heav'nly truth,
To fix the ear of age, or ardent youth.
Ah! will my fair refuse this humble plea,
To spend my days with wisdom, love, and thee,
To guard from threat'ning ills thy future life,
In bowers of ease unknown to want or strife?
Now to thy suff'ring parent let us fly,
With filial love to calm the rising sigh;
Though clouds and darkness hover o'er her way,
Still may her setting sun transmit a ray,
To cheer her passage to the realms of day.

EUPHEMIA.

Ah! think, e'er rueful thinking come too late,
Thy wealthy friends would scorn my mean estate.
Could you with meek indifference sustain
The scoff of pride, the sneer of high disdain?
Ah! could you hear, with cheek unflush'd with shame
Exulting ridicule aloud proclaim,
" Behold the rich Philander meanly yield
" His wealth, to grace the gleaner of his field?"

## PHILANDER.

Let pride and ridicule emit their spight,
And green-ey'd envy in their train unite;
Nor friends, nor ridicule, nor pride I fear,
Nor yet that basilisk with killing leer.
True happiness with genial virtue grows,
As modest violets seek the shelt'ring rose:
Permit me then so fair a plant to rear,
With fond solicitude and tender care;
For thee, factitious pleasures I resign,
These fields, their flocks, the master, all are thine.

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## EVENING.

"AT the close of the day," when the sun sinks to rest,
And twilight appears in her mantle of grey;
When woo'd by lone quiet each bird seeks her nest,
While the last gleam of evening fades in the west,
And the moon sheds the mimic reflection of day:

Ah! then, when the mind is divested of care,
If naught but the toils of the day has oppress'd,
If each act, review'd, will the retrospect bear,
No duty neglected, no crime rankling there,
How sweet is the hour that lulls us to rest!

self at his holy table, he would he pleased to grant me strength to overcome every difficulty, and repentance and faith to come acceptably. I soon perceived the lions were chained, and their roaring seemed as faint echoes. I made the dreaded application to the forbidding Pastor, in whose presence I had so often trembled; but instead of the chilling severity I expected, he received me with the most encouraging tenderness, and soothed me with assurances of his affection. I thought I was now at the gate of heaven; the mountains of difficulties that had reached the skies were overleaped, and I anticipated a path, straight indeed, but smooth and easy, abounding with the flowers of Paradise. The dream was short, and another succeeded that precipitated me from the heights of bliss to the gulph of despair. The same evening I felt the return of a malady to which I was subject. The first symptoms gave me no alarm. I went to rest in the full confidence that on the ensuing Sabbath my joy would be complete. While I slept, my fancy presented me walking on a narrow piece of delightful ground, on which the light shone in the mildest radiance; suddenly I was taken off from the ground and suspended over a smoaking abyss, to which I could see no bottom, nor could I perceive what it was that kept me from falling, standing upon nothing, with no visible hand to support me. I conceived it would not be possible to stand long thus unsupported, and turning to the ground I had lost, made an anxious but ineffectual struggle to regain it; when a voice, at the moment of failure, exclaimed, "*It is too late.*" I awoke in terror, which I strove to suppress by reasoning on the fallaciousness of dreams, and the weakness of suffering the phantoms of unguided fancy to disturb the

mind. The success of this reasoning was but partial; I could recover but a twilight kind of repose at best; and as the symptoms of my disorder increased, the dream, with each appropriate and terrifying circumstance, seemed, from the analogy, to predict my doom. Two days passed in alternate hope and despondence. I still persisted in the resolution of attending the service. If I had strength and life given for this, I was content to die the next moment. This was the sum of my constant petitions, until the evening previous to the supper, my mother declared the impracticability of my attendance rendered it madness to think of, and she positively forbid it. Indescribable terrors took hold of me. Having so long slighted the invitations of divine love, and trampled on the blood of a crucified Saviour, what had I to expect but "a fearful looking for of fiery indignation?" I conceived the little repast of joy I had tasted, and the nearness of the privilege to which I now so ardently aspired, was intended to show me the magnitude of the blessings I had wilfully abused and wantonly lost; I felt the sentence of condemnation in my soul, and acknowledged it just as the disposition to outbrave it vanished in the horror of anticipated torments—not only anticipated, but already begun. Jesus Christ, with all his benefits, were hid from my view, and hope gave place to absolute despair. The sensation of a state so hopeless can only be felt, it can never be described. How long I could have supported it, I know not. Blessed be the goodness of the God of grace and eternal compassion, he left me to suffer but a few hours; the visible, the silent anguish of my mind was thought by those around to proceed from the painfulness of the disease under which I laboured. Alas! it was then unconsciously

suffered; I waited anxiously the hour when all around me would be wrapped in sleep, and then silently arose, not to pray, for that seemed not only useless, but presumptuous. In agony inexpressible, I snatched a book of Psalms that lay at hand, and opened it with a half formed hope of finding there some little alleviation of the misery I endured; it opened at a hymn, paraphrased by Dr. Watts from the 8th chapter of Romans; the two first verses described the safety of the saints from condemnation. This was no consolation to me, who considered myself a reprobate. In the third I found these lines:

"He lives! he lives! he reigns above,
"For ever interceding there;
"Who shall divide us from his love,
"Or what shall tempt us to despair?"

The wretch struggling in deep waters, to whom a friendly hand is stretched forth, can only conceive the sudden transition of my feelings. As I proceeded in the hymn, in the reading these two lines,

"*Christ* is our life, our joy, our hope,
"Nor can we *sink* with such a *prop*,"

a sudden light flushed upon me, whether external, or within, I am yet unable to determine. I turned involuntarily to the windows in the room, to see if there was any natural light admitted there; but from the sweet serenity of mind that instantly succeeded, I was convinced it was light from above, whether conveyed through the outward organs or not. The burden of sin, that a moment before weighed me, as it were, into

the depths of hell, had fallen off. The darkness that had enshrouded my mind, fled away, as the shades of night before the rays of the morning. I was as a nurtured child reposing on the lap of paternal indulgence. I could now cheerfully acquiesce in the delay of my request, and hail a Father's love in thus kindly affording a season of recollection and preparation, not now as formerly by works of righteousness that I could do (the inability of self had been evinced to my smart), but in the all-sufficient righteousness of another, to rest my hope on "a rock that could never be moved." On the following spring, I obtained the accomplishment of my desire, in a union with the visible church on earth, and in the enthusiasm of a first love, longed for the communion of the church in heaven, "as the hart panteth for the water-brooks." Alas! how soon this love abated! How often have I wandered as a sheep from the fold, and as often brought back, either by the rod of reproof, or the bands of love; sometimes rejoicing in the clearness of evidence, and again mourning over the lost roll, heedlessly dropped in the pursuit of unreal pleasure, or overlooked in the eagerness for worldly advantages. Being engaged in a course of biographical reading for some time, I found many instances of extraordinary manifestations of the divine Spirit to persons of various sects and descriptions. I became fearful lest I was still a child of wrath, and had not passed from death unto life. I became very importunate at the throne of grace, for a sensible manifestation of the Holy Spirit, as an evidence of acceptance; like the widow, my petitions were fervent and frequent, determined not to go without the blessing. One night having been more earnest than usual

in the request, I retired to rest: whether under the influence of sleep or not, I cannot tell, but the room appeared full of a strange kind of light, intermingled with streaks of darkness, altogether new; my limbs became powerless, when it was suggested by an unseen agent, that this was the out-pouring of the Spirit that I had so earnestly implored. I was terrified, and begged for mercy, when instantly all vanished, and I felt no sensation whereby I could discover any internal operation, such as I conceive the work of the Spirit of grace will ever effect. From this circumstance I was led to conclude the occurrence altogether illusory; that having been too bold and presumptuous in my request, the evil one had been permitted thus to tempt me. A few days afterwards, in singing an anthem, descriptive of the general judgment, suddenly the heavens seemed to open, the Judge with hosts of angels were presented to my astonished, enraptured mind; I was rising to meet them in transport, when the vision fled!—From the different effects on my mind, from this experience and the former, I was made to adore the amazing goodness and condescension of a prayer-hearing God, who had thus graciously preserved me from the delusion of satan, and also granted my request, and enlarged my hope. Many, no doubt, would be disposed to treat experience of this kind with ridicule or contempt, as wholly the creatures of fancy, heated by enthusiasm, and altogether unwarranted by Scripture. To the first, I answer, that at the moment preceding the gracious manifestation I have recounted, I was perfectly calm, having been ever an enemy to every species of enthusiasm and wildness in religion, and from the check previously

received, had given up every hope of the favour so earnestly solicited; therefore, it could not be the effect of inflated fancy, nor of presuming confidence, shaping the mind to its wishes. To the second objection, I beg leave to observe, that the Holy Scriptures record many instances of extraordinary manifestations of the Spirit of truth, evinced both outwardly and internally as it pleased him; and so far from inferring that such condescensions are entirely withheld from his servants in the present day, I would refer the incredulous to that text, wherein it is expressly declared, that "In the latter days, his Spirit shall be poured out upon all flesh." Shall dust and ashes presume to limit Omnipotence, and say, thus and thus only shall be the way in which he shall work, who doeth wonders in the great deep, who called forth the earth out of nothing, and stretched forth the heavens as a curtain? Have we not his promise, that when we ask believingly, in the name of our great advocate and propitiation, that "whatsoever we ask, we shall receive?" The objector will reply, this promise only extends to things needful, or as far as it shall be agreeable to the will of the Creator. If our gracious and adorable Father in our Lord Jesus Christ, had restricted us to things needful only, even in the natural world, would he have provided such an incalculable variety in the productions of the earth, for the gratification of every sense, even to satiety? And shall that fruit, bought with the blood of God himself, be refused to those who hunger and thirst for it, "as the hart for the waterbrooks?" When authorised by divine goodness to ask for it, and guaranteed by the immutable word of him whose promises are "yea, and amen" for the fulfil-

ment, I consider such manifestations of the love of the great and gracious Lord over all, as the clusters of grapes, and bunches of figs, from the good land, to cheer us in the dreary wilderness of this life, as foretastes of the sweetness of that rest for which we are labouring, and to strengthen the soul against the allurements of sin and satan.

# SUPPLEMENT.

## TRUE RICHES.

LET others toil for golden ore,
With sordid dust enhance their store,
  And waste their hours in vain:
Not all the wealth on earth combin'd
Can give one virtue to the mind,
  Nor shield from death and pain.

To pamper sense, to swell with pride,
And set heaven's better gifts aside,
  For vain parade and show;
These low prerogatives, its boast,
A bauble bought at countless cost,
  Poor joys for endless woe.

Ah! let me seek that lasting wealth,
That knows no loss from rust or stealth,
  Increasing still its store:
Nor future all its bliss; e'en now,
While pard'ning love its sweets bestow,
  Faith tells her thousands o'er.

A pitying father's tender care
To sooth each pang, and wipe each tear,
And every want supply;
A brother ransomer, all love,
Whose blood the bars of sin remove,
And pleads our cause on high.

A teacher, infinitely wise,
That clears from mental scales the eyes,
And forms the heart anew;
Who takes what things to Christ belong,
(Jesus, the glory of my song,)
And holds them to our view.

A mansion fair, not made with hands,
Midst fadeless flowers and verdure stands,
Where life's pure waters roll;
While uncreated glories blaze,
Blended with choral songs of praise,
Entrancing all the soul.

Be these my treasures, true as fair,
Let all things else seem what they are,
But vanity and lies:
Ah! give me "faith that works by love,"
That conquers sin, and soars above
All things beneath the skies.

## THE SONG OF FAITH.

JEHOVAH reigns, O! joyful sound,
Spread wide the tidings, earth around,
From sea to sea, the utmost bound,
Ye heralds fly;
Proclaim the wisdom, love, and grace,
Of him who fills all time and space,
And rules on high.

Ye waiting few in sackcloth clad,
Why droops the head with aspect sad?
Repeat with acclamation glad,
Jesus is king!
No more let tears imbue the eye,
No more indulge the lab'ring sigh,
But sweetly sing.

Our God, to whom all praise belongs,
With power will soon avenge our wrongs,
Will burn as brands the venom'd tongues
That blast our fame:
The honour of each haughty foe,
Who seeks our hurt shall be brought low,
And turn'd to shame.

Though dark the wilderness we tread,
With hidden snares, and dangers spread,
Though rav'ning beasts with howlings dread,
Our ears affright;

His cloud still guides us on our way,
A shady pillar all the day,
A fire by night.

Soon shall we reach the grateful shore,
Far from each wild tumultuous roar,
Where sorrow rears her head no more,
Nor sin, nor pain;
Where songs of praise, and harps of joy,
The bright redeemed throngs employ
A ceaseless strain.

Why then should passing cares molest,
Or petty wrongs invade the breast?
Since this is not our place of rest,
We'll heed them not;
Each pang in that "exceeding weight
"Of glory" that our hopes await,
Will be forgot.

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THERE is a joy that endeth in sorrow—the pleasures of sin are but for a season, and the wages of sin is death. O Lord deliver me from both. There is a sorrow that worketh life and peace, even a repentance unto life, that needeth not to be repented of: may its tears soften this stony heart of rebellion, that the word of truth may take deep root, spring up and bear the fruits of righteousness and love, even an hundred fold.

# THE FIG-TREE.

THROUGH Beth'ny's blooming vales, and cultur'd fields,
The Lord of life pursued his hallow'd way;
Sprinkled with early dew, the flowret yields
Perfumes more sweet, and brighter tints display.

The tuneful minstrel of the whispering grove
Hastes to salute its Maker with a song;
The untaught harmony of grateful love,
The tufted glades the mellow notes prolong.

With mild complacency and lowly grace,
He greets the humble tribute nature brings;
While man perverse, with cold averted face,
Spurns at the fountain whence each blessing springs.

A fig-tree fluttering in the sportive breeze,
Attracts his eye, in vivid honours drest;
In leaves more fertile than its fellow trees,
A promise gives of fruit above the rest.

Hung'ring he comes! O wonder and adore,
Ye mortals hear—your God with hunger faints;
For you, though rich, becomes distress'd and poor,
To purchase treasures for his ransom'd saints.

He seeks for fruit, but finds the gaudy bough
Gaily attir'd to catch the eager eye;
Unprofitably gay—a thing of show,
Too poor to yield its Lord a small supply.

Tremble each soul to hear the dreadful doom
Denounc'd against this cumberer of the ground;
Lest when thy mouldering clay sleeps in the tomb,
Thou, as this barren fig-tree, should be found.

"Let fruit no more for ever grow on thee,"
He said, and straight it droops its towering head;
His awe-struck followers astonish'd see
Its verdant freshness, and its glory fled.

Thus shall the specious hypocrite's pretence,
Though hid beneath profession's deep disguise,
Though fair and flourishing to mortal sense,
Expos'd to God's dread scrutiny it lies.

His eye Omniscient sees the secret thought,
The young design, while yet unknown within;
Nor is the cogitation e'er forgot,
If grown to crime, or still a mental sin.

Nor mock'd by show, nor vain deceptive wiles,
His soul abhors oblations of deceit;
Himself, not Christ, the hypocrite beguiles,
And soon or late the curse detects the cheat.

## COMPLAINT.

WHY are my wand'ring thoughts thus prone to stray
From thee, the source of joy—of life the way?
Though fairer than the morn's resplendent beam,
In uncreated excellence supreme;
In thee concenter'd all my soul desires,
All that awakens hope, or love inspires;
All that of grace or beauty that I see,
Transcendent shines adored Lord in thee.
Why does this faithless soul thus widely rove,
For empty husks of sense forego thy love;
Thus turn from thee whom seraphims adore,
To chase the idle phantoms of an hour?
The curse of vanity full well I know
Is stamp'd on all things springing here below;
The spirit shackled by this load of clay,
Still groans beneath the tyrant's grov'ling sway;
Though oft she plumes the wing and soars on high,
And casts within the veil a longing eye,
Full soon the imperious wiles of sense enchain
The panting captive to the dust again.
Ah! soon the beatific vision fades,
Lost to the view in sin's malignant shades—
Sin, the prolific parent of all pain,
Mingles corrosive anguish in each stain;
The secret foe transversing every part,
Cankers the blood, and ranckles in the heart;
Hope languishes, faith droops, peace bleeding lies,
As doubts and fears with stern remorse arise;
While o'er self-murder'd joys the spirit weeps,
Pale penitence the nightly vigil keeps;

Each favour past, with dark confusion fills,
Nor dare she look towards th' eternal hills.
But grace! all-sov'reign grace is ever near,
To wipe away contrition's scalding tear:
Swift from the tree of life bright mercy brings
The healing leaves for conscience' deadly stings;
The prostrate soul transported lifts her eye,
And sees each foe before the conquerer fly;
Trembling, again her new-fledg'd pinion tries,
Adores, and weeps, and carols as she flies;
But soon recall'd the conflict to sustain,
The subtle serpent spreads his toils again;
Though oft from covert stabs afresh she bleeds,
With fainting footstep weak and sad proceeds;
She leans upon the promise ever true,
And keeps the rich consoling end in view.
Ah! precious day that sets the pris'ner free
From sin, from sorrow, and from vanity.
Lord grant me patience all the race to run,
Till grace shall finish what thy grace begun,
When all my foes beneath thine arm shall fall,
And God in Christ will be my "all in all."

## INVITATION TO REAL JOY:
### PARODY ON A GERMAN ODE.

SAY, who could waste in false delight
The precious hours of youthful prime,
And scorn the offer'd gift, so bright,
Of perfect joy secur'd in time?
See grace with winning smiles appear,
With roses strew life's thorny way;
The feast of love she bids us share,
Where'er our pilgrim footsteps stray.

Her wings repel the scorching beam—
How clear each rill of pleasure flows,
Mingling in mercy's limpid stream,
As erst in paradise it rose.
The grape's symbolic juices pour,
To 'suage the heart that sins oppress;
And still the evening's lonely bower
Invites to woo celestial bliss.

More soft than Philomela's strain,
Responsive to our dying state,
She soothes the throbbing bosom's pain,
And sweetly charms with hope elate.
The world of grace expanded lies....
Blest scene! how wond'rous bright and fair;
When death's cold hand shall close my eyes,
Let me the full fruition share.

JESUS CHRIST! was ever name so pregnant with blessings, so precious to the eye of a sinner—so sweet, soothing, and harmonious to the ear of guilty, ruined creatures? How dead and inexpressive is the sound of the lute, the harp, the cymbal, the organ, to the ravishing, heart-cheering, soul-exalting music of that adorable name! Heaven is now resounding it from throne to throne, from principality to principality, from dominion to dominion; and ere long will the millennial myriads of earth re-echo the sonorous sound from tongue to tongue, from shore to shore—then "shall righteousness cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea. Thus indeed will it be filled with the glory of the Lord."

## THE RISING SUN.

SEE the bright sov'reign of the day arise,
Night's fading orbs hide their diminish'd heads;
Far in the west each sable vapour flies,
While waking glories o'er creation spreads.

The all-pervading, life-inspiring beam
Gladdens the fields and gilds the mountain's brow;
Pours forth its splendours o'er th' enriching stream,
Exhales the dew, and bids the flowers blow.

The prowling murd'rer of the helpless fold
Flies to his den, aw'd by the orient ray;
Black villainy, in kindred darkness bold,
Trembling aghast, shrinks from the eye of day.

Thus when the sun of righteousness shall shed
His healing beams o'er the benighted world;
With light and life will bruise the triple head
Of satan, death, and sin, in ruin hurl'd.

Then shall the victor's power transcendent shine,
Each mist dissolv'd in Jesus' peerless beam;
Lost in the brilliance of his light divine,
The less'ning sun a feeble lamp will seem.

Then shall the sound of war be heard no more,
When every knee shall bow, and tongue confess
His name, whose sway shall stretch from shore to shore,
Whose rays enliven, and whose light is bliss.

Then shall the direful foe of God and man
Be bound in adamantine chains of fire;
Then shall the myst'ry of redemption's plan
Unfold its counsels and new songs inspire.

Then shall the righteous, rob'd in radiant light,
Crown'd with the blood-bought wreaths of Jesus' love,
Shine as the stars in fadeless glory bright,
Through vivid scenes of growing wonders rove.

No chilling look to nip the rising joy;
No cold reserve to check the expanding heart;
Seraphic love, the blending choirs employ,
That love which living ecstacies impart.

## THE RESCUE.

FAR in a dreary wild, from cheerful haunt
Of friendly foot, a Jewish traveller
With pensive steps pursued his lonely way:
The howling wolf, or bearded tyrant
Of the gloomy den, less dreaded than the
Horde of nightly thieves, foster'd by the hand
Of ruthless murder, known to kennel there.
The rustling breeze, or eddying leaf, shook
From the pendant bough, awakens horror;
Foreboding apprehension, shapes alarm'd,
The murderous form, in every passing shade,
Or shelter'd trunk of time-deflower'd tree.
Nor long illusive fancy plays the cheat;
Forth bounds th' assassin on his trembling prey,
The smoaking blade reeks with the purple gore,
Robb'd, naked and alone, is left to moan,
Unheard by all save echo's listening ear;
Who "number'd sigh for sigh," and taught her grots
And hollow caves, with sad responsive voice,
Reverberate each agonizing groan.
While thus he lay in hopeless anguish,
Weltering in his blood, a foot approaches,
A man, whose sacerdotal robe bespeaks
Him bound by holy ties to yield relief
And aid the wretched wheresoever found.
Surely the silver tone of pity now
Shall cheer the languid ear; the lenient hand
Of soft commiseration soon shall staunch
The crimson tide of life, with fatal haste
Departing at a thousand letted pores.

Mark the inhuman Jew, with eye askance,
And shy receding step, plods on his way,
Unfeeling as the sordid dust he treads.
Thus on the callous rock the dews descend,
Though fertilizing showers its bosom bathe,
Nor dew, nor rain, the stubborn flint impregns,
Turns off the trickling drops with sullen brow,
And bids the lucid tear dissolve in air.
Again a footstep speaks the trav'ller near,
A Levite, passing on that way, perceives
The hapless sufferer in woeful plight.
Behold the monster, shaming nature's ties,
Draws near with curious eye—views him o'er,
Then stalks with savage apathy away.
Fair hope, just dawning in the victim's breast,
Like the half kindled taper glimmering
On the dusk—when lo, the envious blast
Of turgid winds, sweeps it in cheerless gloom.
How lost! how hopeless and forlorn his state!
Another comes, but ah! Samaria's garb,
That hated garb proclaims the enemy.
Will not the exulting foe in triumph view
His fallen crest, thus humbled in the dust,
And proudly trample o'er the blood of hate?
'Tis Jewish hate—Samaria's son disclaims
Indignant the inveteracy of malice.
Swift to the fainting foe he flies, raises,
And consoles with tender hand, and melting
Voice of soft compassion, sweet to sufferance,
Grateful to dispair. In each gaping wound
Pours wine and oil to heal and animate;
Then on his beast lays the pale mangled form,
Attendant at his side walks watchful on,
Till at the hospitable inn arriv'd;

Commands whate'er of comfort, or of aid
May be administer'd; himself declar'd
The faithful surety of each debt incur'd.....
All hail! benevolence, thou heav'n born power,
That richly, sweetly sheds like Aaron's oil,
An unctuous fragrance o'er th' imbibing soul.
*All hail!* eternal Word, that in the veil
Of human flesh dispens'd the healing balm
Of life and mercy to a dying world.
Return my soul and view his love to thee,
When lost in the dark wild of sin and death;
Weltering in thy blood by satan's wounds,
With no created arm to stay thy head,
No eye to drop the sympathetic tear.
The past, a dreary blank, or guilty blot,
Presented in the mirror of remorse,
Hateful to view—the future threat'nings,
All, of vengeance due in endless misery,
Where "hope could never come that comes to all."
Bruises without, and festering sores within,
Beyond the reach of mortal aid to cure,
Peace fled, and hope envelop'd in despair,
Then "on the mountains (mountains of thy sins)
"How fair, how beauteous was the feet of him,"
Who brought the joyful tidings of release;
Who pour'd the healing oil, the cheering wine,
Of peace and pardon in thy gushing veins;
Who dash'd the cup of trembling from thy lips,
And thence instill'd the balsam of delight;
Who bid the threat'nings of the law be still,
Himself the surety of each debt incur'd;
Himself the penal satisfaction made,
To justice stern refusing aught but death,
And on the cross for thee hath bled and died;

Who crowns thy head with blessings day by day,
Thy all of righteousness, of life, of strength?—
To him let earth and heaven hosanna's sing,
The Prince of Peace—the everlasting King.

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## MORAL REFLECTIONS.

THE admirable harmony and precision of order manifested in all the works of creation, is not more astonishing, than the exact adherence for so long a period of time, in the celestial, vegetable, and animal world, to their several and original destination. The heavenly bodies, obedient to the fiat of Omnipotence, pursue the same undeviating rectitude of rotation, from season to season, through each revolving century, since they were first spoke into existence. The earth, faithful to the laws of vegetation, communicated by the creative mandate, still brings forth "herb, tree, fruit, and flower," bearing seed after their kind; each retaining its separate and primitive nature, though springing from the same hilloc: seed-time and harvest return in due succession, and treasures from the arcanum of nature burst forth, impatient to declare the glory of the Creator. The animals in their several orders act in conformity to the powers bestowed, fulfilling the part assigned, with all the alacrity of the most cheerful obedience; nor can the most persevering opposition change the operative force of that instinct by which they are governed and directed. Can we

proceed in the delightful detail of corresponding cause and effect—causes devised by infinite wisdom, and effects resulting to his glory, answering thus the end of its being? Alas! no; the next link in this wonderful chain has broken the beautiful order, and inverted its high destination. Man, originally the glory of the new world, and intended as the master-piece of progressing excellencies, the last and brightest ornament of the splendid scenery—Man, "created but a little lower than the angels," honoured with the image of his Maker; yet man, "with all his blushing honours thick upon him," becomes a blot, a festering gangrene in this fair world of wonders. The precious assemblage of inherent endowments, the unconfined and perspicacious capacity of perceiving, adoring, and assimilating the perfections of his Creator, and thus, while promoting his glory by a two-fold operation, the creature would necessarily accumulate the most refined happiness to himself—though possessing powers fully appreciating his multiplied advantages, he wilfully throws them all back in the face of his Benefactor, and by a deliberate act of disobedience, disclaims his authority, and forfeits every privilege. Instead of unsheathing the glittering sword of divine vengeance, and cutting down the audacious rebel, infinite Mercy devises a plan of redemption, glorious beyond the conception of finite intelligence, however extensive, and as far surpassing the wonders of creation, as the sun outshines the twinkling of a star. In the fulness of time, this plan is unfolded in a sufficient degree for the salvation of a lost world; God incarnate descends to this polluted earth, proclaims his mission, and invites every creature to partake of its benefits. Do they not "flock as doves to the windows" at the joyful

sound of such tidings? No, "this Wonderful, Counsellor, this Prince of Peace," whose life was one continued series of good and gracious acts, and of the most splendid manifestations of divine power, though "he was holy, harmless, and undefiled," yet he is despised and rejected of men, more hardened than the first wretched culprit; and as if enamoured of destruction, instead of flying from the face of their God, they surround him with the rancorous fury of hell-hounds. While he is stretching his gracious hands towards them with offers of peace and pardon, they nail them to the cross, and insult and mock him while he is breathing out his agonizing, holy spirit in petitions for his very murderers. "O! the height, the depth, the unsearchable riches of divine love!" Though subject a moment as it were to the bands of death, the grave could not hold him; he bursts from the gloomy cavern more than conquerer over death and hell, "leading captivity captive, and bringing good gifts to men." See him with unabated love, collecting the deserters of his standard around him, soothing, consoling, and strengthening them; instead of upbraiding, he fills them with "that peace that passeth all understanding, even the joy of the Holy Ghost," and sends them far and wide, to proclaim the joyful news of salvation by his blood. Having evinced the most amazing proofs of love, love stronger than death; of mercy tender, endearing and unbounded; of power unlimited, and faithfulness unshaken as his throne,—is not the offer of such salvation received by guilty, ruined, undone creatures with shouts of joy? Does not every individual whose ears are blessed with the gracious sound spontaneously give up all "for that pearl of inestimable price," an interest in his dying love, his spotless

righteousness, his full and free atonement, and his all-prevailing intercessions at the throne of grace, in behalf of sinners? Alas! from the tenor of history from age to age, and the present appearance of the state of religion among us, the heralds of salvation, from the few, comparatively, who cordially accept of its terms, must still take up the complaint of the evangelical prophet, and say, "Who hath believed our report?" In every Church, it is true, there are professing members; many attend the temple of worship, and a few communicate in its most sacred ordinances; and having done this, the question with too many of that small number may very pertinently be asked, "What do ye more than others?" Instead of considering those sacred rites as an indissoluble bond in which they inscribe their names with the "blood of the Lamb of God," to withdraw from the vanities and forms of the world, to live soberly, to watch and pray, to walk in newness of life, to examine themselves of their knowledge to discern the Lord, to set themselves against every thing that is evil, to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked; not to relieve their own feelings, not to be seen of men but because the Lord has commanded it; to love the brethren, and to have the fear of the Lord always before them; to read and meditate upon his word, to be devoted to him, soul, body and spirit, which is the reasonable service of every intelligent creature. Are these the exercises of modern professors, professors of the religion of the pure and holy, meek and lowly Jesus? No, the closet and the Bible are deserted for the ball-room, the card-table, or a party, to help them kill that *time* in idle chit chat, on the right improvement of which eternal happiness depends, and to murder it, certain death to the soul.

Nor are such worldly temporising Christians only responsible for the injury done to themselves, by their carnal walk and conversation. Instead of exerting that influence in the cause of Christ, which every one possesses in a greater or less degree, they become a stumbling block to the weak, who, perhaps, look up to them with deference, excited by external advantages or mental superiority, who will naturally make such conclusions as will tend very much to stagger their minds, and weaken their exertions in duty. Example is ever more powerful than precept. Is it not a criminal abuse of terms to call those Christians, who neither give the one, nor set the other?

## SELF-EXAMINATION.

THAT it is a great thing to be a Christian, every one that has any conception of the value of the immortal soul, and the magnitude of those blessings obtained by a saving knowledge of "the things pertaining unto Jesus Christ," must acknowledge. And if this truth be acceded to, does it not prove the duty of self-examination, not only indispensable, but all-important, both for present comfort and future safety? That a soul may have passed from death unto life, and yet be unable, from remaining corruption, to ascertain its state (at least for some time), I well believe; but that it should remain indifferent to arriving at this certainty, appears to be in direct opposition to the opera-

tions of grace, which is never stationary, but progressing from strength to strength. "Leaving the things that are behind, and pressing on to the things that are before," it excites in the soul a restless desire, proportionable to its view of the good things to come through the infinite grace of the Saviour. To know the foundation of its claims, to arrive at full satisfaction, in the clearness of evidence, and the identity of right to the privilege of a child of God; that a "full assurance of faith" is attainable in this life, the Scriptures of truth abundantly testify; a privilege comprising all that is worth seeking in time, as the foretaste of that blessedness to come, of the unmingled joys of eternity. Doubtless the soul that arrives at this most desirable haven of security and rest, must first be deeply experienced in the discipline of grace; must first be tossed by the storms of temptation; his sky darkened by the clouds of sin and of doubt; the darkness made visible and rendered awful by the flushes of conviction and the thunders of the violated law. It cannot, it will not supinely fold the arms in listless indifference, and say, "I know not how it is with me, my future destiny is with the hidden things of God, and it is not for me to presume to look within the folded leaves of his decrees." This is the language of indolence, not of submission. It is written, "labour diligently to make your calling and election sure, for they that do these things shall never fall." How can we know whether this calling and election be sure, but by examination, not into the faithfulness and stability of the promiser or the promise? These are established beyond the *shadow* of scruple, however frequently doubts may torture the mind through the wilfulness of unbelief. The only inquiry

is, Have I by faith appropriated these promises to myself, which are thus freely offered to all, both Jew and Gentile? Do I find the evidence of this appropriating faith in corresponding exercises of the affections from whence spring the fruits of obedience and love? These are as invariably the result of true faith, as that light and heat emanate from the sun. To investigate, not the action, but the motive, is the best method to obtain an acquaintance with our own hearts. Whenever the source is pure, the stream will be good. The soul that pants after God as its portion, will strive more earnestly to make the "inside of the cup and platter clean," and is equally distressed for secret as for open sins. While the hypocrite only desires to obtain a brilliant outside, to dazzle the eye of the beholder, to pervert the praise that is due to God alone to himself; while the true Christian in his heart is continually saying, However fruitful in good works, however abounding in illumination, "not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but unto thee be the glory;"—the nominal professor's chief care is to adjust the routine of duties in such a way as to catch the eye, and is virtually crying out to every passenger, "Stop, behold my righteousness; this hath *my arm* wrought, this have I done." To guard each rising motion of the heart, to watch the tendency of affections, that they may not grovel in the dust, be constantly engaged to give them an upward direction; like the tendrils of the vine, as if conscious of their weakness, cleave to the lofty oak, entwining its base, aspiring even to an adoption with its branches, glories in the assumption of its strength, and extends its leafy honours in the security of its protection. Experience will every day evince to the observing Christian, how dangerous it is to suffer any carnal pro-

pensity, however strongly nature may plead for its indulgence as harmless, to get hold of the heart. So subtle is corruption in its progress, that not unfrequently the poison is far diffused, and the moral health greatly impaired, while the careless Christian apprehends but little danger, and when discovered tends to despondency. As the same heedlessness that prevents inquiry into the state of the mind, also deters from providing the necessary supports for an hour of trial, he is almost as ignorant of the cure as he is of the cause and nature of the disease; he flies to the law as the physician, when instead of healing salves for his wounds, and cheering elixirs for his drooping spirits, he sees with terror the dreadful instruments of justice preparing, not to amputate a limb, a joint, as an infected part, to save the remaining system from contagion, but to hew him down as a corrupted mass of putrefaction, in which "dwelleth no good thing." Thus miserable beyond expression, he wanders without hope, until "the blood of sprinkling is applied for healing," and he drops his burden at the foot of the cross. By experiences of this nature, the soul that is truly born again, will learn the necessity of a strict watch and close examination of his heart; he will dread sin as the worst of all evils, as that serpent ever lurking in the forbidden path, whose breath kindles the fire of hell, and whose sting is death. If the neglect of the all-important duty of self-investigation is the source of backsliding and sorrow to the real Christian, it is the secret weapon of satan that will finally destroy the nominal, content with a few external acts of religion, unconscious that the "whole head is sick, and the whole heart diseased;" that there must be a total renovation of desires, pursuits, and objects; that he must

first be washed in the laver of regeneration, before he can do any thing acceptable in the eyes of immaculate purity; and even then, only as each word, act, and thought, is hourly sprinkled by the blood of atonement. In vain does the sacred word inculcate this doctrine; in vain does the preacher urge it; it sleeps in his ear like a tale that is told; unconscious of the universal depravity of the whole man, and of the power of indwelling sin, he knows nothing of the difficulty of "contending with spiritual wickednesses in high places." The contest is not commenced, the temptation meets a cordial reception from the corruption; if conscience rises to mar the harmony, vanity drowns the remonstrance with the recapitulation of sermons attended, of prayers repeated, of charities bestowed; spiritual pride wonders that there should be any suspicion of the goodness of his standing; reason, cradled in sensuality, slumbers undisturbed, while self-complacency chants the delusive song of "peace! peace!" until death unceremoniously tears away the web of deception—he opens his eyes in torment.**********

"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

ALMIGHTY Lord, whose presence fills all space,
And gilds with countless charms fair nature's face;
Pervades the dark recesses of the deep,
And bids the planetary worlds their courses keep;
Infuse thy renovating beams to guide
This vagrant heart too prone to turn aside;
Too weak to stand temptation's threat'ning waves,
When passion urges and corruption raves.
Ah teach me where my truest interest lies,
Dispel the mist and clear my wilder'd eyes;
One glimpse of that bright "pearl of price" impart,
With truth's resistless power to fix my heart:
Compar'd with this let mines of onyx seem
Less than the insect in the summer's beam;
Let earth appear with all its shadowy things,
Less than the dust that to the balance clings;
But from the treasures of thy grace dispense
That faith that triumphs o'er the spells of sense;
Give me that calm content, if full, or scant,
That sweetens plenty—supersedes each want,
In bliss or woe still bends the filial knee,
Receives each dispensation as from thee;
When every fleeting good is left behind,
In heaven its richest, fairest treasures find.

# THE DELUGE.

THE early annals of the new-form'd world,
Designate man involv'd in thickest shades
Of moral turpitude, the source of sin,
Of hatred, murder, violence and strife,
Of blind idolatry, and lust of power;
Fell rapine staining day with brutal rage,
While night grew darker with the foul misdeeds.
Amid the mingled scenes of mirth and woe,
Of pleasure sporting on the wing of power,
With subjugated weakness at her wheels,
In vassal bondage, trembling at a frown,
The venerable patriarch appears—
Sage Noah wise and good—though round him grew
Corruption's rankest weeds; though every gale
Came loaded with pollution's sick'ning taint,
Unharm'd he stood, nor powers of earth and hell
Could lure him from the path his God depicts.
He woos, entreats, with tears impressive pleads
Speedy repentance of their boundless crimes,
While mercy yet stood waiting to be kind.
Anon, with dreadful voice as thunders roll,
That shake the solid mountains to their base,
He threatens overwhelming floods of wrath,
That soon in one dread besom should deluge
The guilt-stain'd earth for vengeance crying loud.
Nor soft entreaty's melting strains could move,
Nor yet remonstrance' stern accusing voice,
Nor direful threat'nings pointing to the storm,

Or to the ark by heavenly wisdom plann'd
To stem the surge, and shield the chosen few
From streaming torrents of the angry clouds;
While bounding safe o'er wastes of shoreless seas,
O'er prostrate cities swallow'd in the deep,
Or cloud-capp'd mountains couching in the waves,
The ark—the preacher only moves their mirth,
The threatened deluge seems an idle tale,
Or dream phantastic of an old man's brain.
The feast, the dance, mad riot's pois'ning fumes,
Scare the fair forms of virtue from their haunts.
No sacred altars blaze, no odours rise,
Nor grateful strains of sweet symphonious praise,
Save where the holy seer devotion paid,
Brought forth the bleeding victim seen by faith,
The type and shadow of the slaughter'd Lamb—
*Slain*, e'en before the earth from chaos sprung.
But while they wanton in ungovern'd lusts,
Secure of rolling centuries to come,
From congregated clouds the blackening skies
Pour forth their full charg'd sluices, rushing wide:
The conquer'd barriers of the deeps give way,
Seas, rivers, fountains one broad ocean form,
While devastation triumphs o'er the globe.
Ere yet the rising flood the mountains hid,
Forth from the crowded tops, their only hope,
The trembling self-devoted wretches view
The stately vessel with its inmates blest,
Riding in safety o'er the drowning world.
Rage, terror, envy rack their guilty breasts;
The raven shriek of dread despair resounds,
The piteous cries of infancy for aid.
No aid for age or infancy is found,

The roaring wave assails their last resort,
They sink in waters deep to rise no more,
Till Gabriel's trump the sleeping dead arouse.
Ah! shall not then the guilty tribes who scorn
The offer'd mercy of redeeming love,
When in the clouds they see the conquering Judge,
With hosts of flaming seraphs in his train,
While at his side the shouting saints exult,
Approving well the sentence just and true,
That dooms impenitence to sink in woe—
How will they execrate each folly past?
How mourn the forfeit joys for ever lost?
The gnawing anguish still to be endur'd?
Ah! fly ye thoughtless poor deluded train,
By satan led in the broad road to death,
The willing captives of his galling chains.
Illusive is the promise of delight,
While passion sways, and sin enthrals the soul;
No lasting peace the guilty heart pervades,
No joy substantial with pollution dwells;
"On slipp'ry rocks th' unshelter'd sinner stands,
"While depths of fiery billows roll below."
Fly to the ark, the spacious ark of grace,
That open stands on Calvary's bloody mount;
Fly, while the gentle voice of love intreats,
While Jesus woos and mercy waiting stands;
Fly, ere the gathering stores for guilt prepar'd,
Burst o'er your heads in overwhelming storms:
Doom not yourselves with torturing fiends to dwell,
Where flames consumeless ravage on the souls,
Whose worm of dread remorse can never die,
Despair the food, and anguish all their meed.

# IDYL.

SWEET is the fragrant breath of morning,
When vernal breezes fan the dale,
And tepid drops the flow'rs adorning,
Mellifluous incense thence exhale.

Sweet is the beam mid gloom immerging,
When low'ring storms obscure the day;
Through dark dispelling mists diverging,
Diffuses wide the enlivening ray.

Sweet is the smile of health returning,
When tranquil ease résumes her reign;
From racking pains, and fevers burning,
Restores to soft repose again.

Sweet is the voice of friendship soothing,
When anguish wrings the bleeding heart,
The brow of care by kindness smoothing,
That charms from sorrows sting the smart.

But *sweeter* far the sound endearing,
Of full salvation bought with blood;
The guilty, ruin'd spirit cheering,
With pardon free, and peace with God.

# SACRED ECLOGUE.

## JACOB AND RACHEL.

### JACOB.

WHEN I at Haran first thy form survey'd,
Fair as the lambs around thy feet that play'd;
When on thy cheek I gaz'd with bland surprize,
I saw the blush of soft confusion rise;
The liquid lustre trembling in thine eye,
When first I nam'd the fond fraternal tie;
Then love, resistless love transfix'd my heart,
The sweet sensation thrill'd through every part;
Still in my breast with growing ardour lives
Its hopes, its joys, what thy compassion gives.

### RACHEL.

Compassion—name it not—with equal flame,
Affection in my bosom holds its claim;
When on thy servitude fond mem'ry dwells,
Thy faithful love my heart with transport swells;
And oft alas! with anguish bleeds, when you
In drenching rains, or wet with ev'ning dew,
For my ungrateful kindred spend thy care,
Their "stakes to strengthen," and their flocks to rear;
And now, for all thy cares and labours past,
When love had hop'd a full reward at last,
Deceitful, rob thee of thy promis'd hire,
Unjust as cruel, doubled toils require.

JACOB.

Short is the term, and sweet the toil for you,
Nor chilling rains offend, nor dripping dew;
Full fourteen transient years would quickly fly,
If you still breathe for me the tender sigh;
And when expir'd, on some sequester'd plain,
Far from the haunts of lucre's grov'ling train,
Each care and sorrow to the worldling leave,
While love and peace for us their chaplets weave;
Our flocks shall whiten o'er the blushing mead,
Thy only care to watch them as they feed;
While from the field I bring fair culture's store,
The meed of health, content would ask no more.

RACHEL.

Content! alas! can fair content ere dwell
With gloomy jealousy's corroding spell?
Another now an equal claim can prove,
To all thy tender offices of love.
The hated thought strikes fond expectance dead,
Thou flatt'rer hope, ah! whither art thou fled?

JACOB.

Let not ideal griefs thy peace destroy,
Nor rankling jealousy thy breast annoy;
'Tis true, thy sister claims an husband's care,
Nor ere will I the husband's cares forbear;
While justice holds with equal hand the scale,
Still love and duty shall alike prevail;
But cold and comfortless each care must be,
Save what affection fondly gives to thee;

Thy voice the music of my listening ear,
Thy smile the meed each toilsome day to cheer.
Ah! let not envy riot on repose,
As unseen cankers blight the opening rose;
Let peace and unity around us smile,
While love's sweet balm the ills of life beguile,
Blind passions rage, or secret wiles forego,
Internal are the springs of joy and woe.

RACHEL.

Should peace domestic in our tents preside,
And smiling plenty ample stores provide,
Full well I know my kindred's lust of gold
By fraud or force would strip thy spreading fold;
With envious hand would cross each young design
Thy wisdom plans, for wisdom sure is thine;
Their deep wrought scheme with semblance fair of truth,
Has blasted all my dearest hopes of youth.
If playful fancy wove the airy dream
Of bliss ecstatic, thou wast still the theme;
Thou solely mine, and thus with thee to spend
A life of joy—my guardian, guide and friend.

JACOB.

And still I trust my days with thee to spend,
Thy faithful guide, thy guardian, and thy friend;
While thou, the sov'reign treasure of my breast,
Shall soothe each care, and lull each pang to rest.
Let not solicitude for kindred hate,
Within thy mind one anxious fear create;
For know, the mighty Lord of earth and heaven,
To me the promise of his love hath given.

And ah! what joys his promises afford!
Sure as his throne's foundation is his word.
When from an envious brother's vengeful hand
I fled for safety to a distant land;
When in a dark inhospitable waste
I wander'd with the wearied foot of haste,
Where untam'd beasts with savage fierceness roam,
While night with gathering shades increas'd the gloom;
No shepherd's lighted tent salutes the eye,
No lowing flock is heard, nor huntsman's cry;
Alone and comfortless, the sod my bed,
A flinty rock the pillow for my head;
Yet there the mercies of my God I found,
While heavenly guards my earthy couch surround.
To me a vision's glorious view was given,
I saw a ladder set from earth to heaven;
From whence the bright inhabitants descend,
From hidden snares the chosen to defend;
When full fruition crowns their watchful love,
Ascend to tell the pleasing news above.
But O the transport of my wond'ring soul,
When from the heavens where living glories roll,
Jehovah deign'd a sinful worm to greet,
With kind assurances of blessings sweet.
"I am the God (he said) thy fathers knew,
"And the same cov'nant with thee will renew;
"The land whereon thou liest I give to thee,
"And to thy seed an heritage to be:
"Thy seed, where'er the sun its beams doth shed,
"As dust throughout earth's utmost bounds shall "spread;
"In thee, and in thy race, the world shall find
"A blessing boundless as the eternal mind.

" I still am with thee, waking or asleep,
" My arm thy soul from every harm shall keep;
" Thy father's land shall bless thine eyes again,
" Thy flocks shall gather on thy native plain;
" Nor will I leave thee till the work be done,
" My word has promis'd and my hand begun."
I woke—with reverential awe I view'd
The wild, yet hallow'd ground whereon I stood:
'Tis not alone Jehovah's presence stands
In houses fashion'd by the workman's hands;
He makes the desert blossom as the rose,
And dusty heaths with living streams o'erflows;
From burning sands can richest dainties bring,
And in the broken heart bid pleasures spring.....
The pleasing dreadful place I greatly fear'd,
And straight with trembling hand a pillar rear'd.
This surely is (I said) the house of God,
And this the gateway to his blest abode.....
Ah! let us seek his face with contrite hearts,
Pure are the joys, the bliss his love imparts;
His guardian care, as balmy dews descend,
The faithful shepherd, the eternal friend.
His arm will shield us from the threat'ning foe,
And gently lead us where still waters flow;
The storm by day, nor blasting damps by night,
Shall hurt the souls in whom he takes delight;
Who trust his grace, and on his promise feed,
And humbly follow as his counsels lead.

## SECOND PART.

# JACOB AND LEAH.

### LEAH.

WHEN Haran's vales, with lonely steps I stray,
And listen to the ring-dove's plaintive lay;
While down my cheek the drops of sorrow roll,
And pain'd reflection sadden's all my soul;
With sighs responsive to the widow'd strain,
I strive to soothe my throbbing bosom's pain;
For I alas! the bitter anguish prove,
Of wedded hate, and unregarded love.

### JACOB.

Canst thou arrest the sun's unchanging course,
Or stop the roaring sea's resistless force?
Canst thou forbid the viewless winds to blow,
Or shut heaven's windows when its sluices flow?
Canst thou withhold the cheering light of day,
Or shroud in gloom the moon's translucent ray?
As well may I within this wayward soul,
The strong imperious force of love control;
Its blandishments forbid with equal ease,
Or point its flame to objects as I please.
Thy sister's beauties all my heart have won,
And love increases with each rolling sun.
All that I yet can give, do not reject
An husband's care, esteem, and due respect.

## LEAH.

Ah! why did partial nature deck her face
With beauty's brightest glow and native grace?
And why to me deny love-kindling charms,
Yet give a heart alive to love's alarms?
Had I the cattle of ten thousand hills,
And flowing oil, as springs the fountain fills;
For me did ripening fields of golden grain,
Or purple vines enrich the spreading plain;
Had I a menial train at full command,
Countless in numbers as the sea-beat sand;
Freely the world itself I would resign,
Could I subdue thy heart, and call it mine;
Could gain one look of fond regard from thee,
Affection's mutual bliss—belov'd as she.

## JACOB.

Alas! how prone are mortals to forego
The good possess'd, enamour'd still of woe?
Thy sister inly pines each day to prove
Th' untasted joys of sweet maternal love.
While lisping babes are sporting round thy knee,
'Tis thine "to press the lip of infancy;"
To form the mind of finest texture wrought,
And guide with wisdom's hand the tender thought;
To "fix the generous purpose in the breast,"
And give to virtues charms the highest zest.
Yet each ungrateful slight with thankless pride,
The gift bestow'd, and weep for that deny'd.

## LEAH.

I fondly hop'd my prattling babes might woo
The father's kindness for the mother too;
The infant grace, the winning artless smile,
Might cold aversion's chilling look beguile.
But cheering hope no longer gilds the gloom,
In vain they smile, and vain their opening bloom;
The hapless mother still is doom'd to mourn,
To watch their steps unpity'd and forlorn.

## JACOB.

The life of man a checquer'd scene displays,
And few and full of evil are his days;
Himself perversely shades the lucid hour,
Extracting poison from the fairest flower.
Say, shall not he whose arm of sovereign might
Made earth and heaven, can he do aught but right?
All nature's laws his great commands fulfil,
And all our lot is order'd by his will.
Shall worms presumptuous, blind, and weak, and vain,
His wise decrees with impious pride arraign?
Is not his love like gently falling dew,
Fresh every evening, every morning new?
Or as the early and the latter rain
Descends in showers to fertilize the plain,
His all-pervading providence protects
Our lives from dangers, and our steps directs.
And wilt thou still to discontent give scope,
And idly mourn as those who have no hope,
While round thy feet a nation's pillars rise,
Whose distant fame shall mingle with the skies?

So heaven decrees, that from thy seed shall spring
The promis'd Shiloh, heaven's anointed king;
Imperial power shall crown thy favour'd race,
Nor yield its rule till that appointed space,
When God shall manifest his hidden plan
Of boundless love to sinful fallen man.
Away ye thankless tears, ye murm'ring sighs,
Let grateful songs as fragrant incense rise.
Should not the mother of a nation sing,
And sweet oblations of thanksgiving bring?
Long with thy race shall richest mercies blend,
Thy name to latest ages shall descend:
No longer slight the ample favours given,
But seek forgiveness of offended heaven;
Submissive yield, and wisdom's path pursue,
That leads to him, to whom all praise is due.
" Her ways are pleasantness, her paths are peace,"
Awed by her voice, the warring passions cease;
Fierce anger shrinks, and subtle envy flies
Before the lambent lightning of her eyes,
Humility and sweet content bestrew
Her steps with flowers of bright and fadeless hue.
Then seek her counsels, each command obey,
And peace and rest shall chase the gloom away,
Of nocent jealousy's destroying power,
And crown with soft repose each fleeting hour.

# THE PASCHAL LAMB.

WHEN Israel groan'd beneath oppression's scourge,
Their fallen standards prostrate in the dust;
While o'er their native rights the heathen raged
With savage rancour and rapacious power,
Parental love is tortur'd by the cry
Of bleeding babes—nor dares arrest the arm
Uplifted to destroy the tender pledge,
The joy of youth, and darling hope of age.
Through all their land, their groves, and fields resound
The lash of slavery—the shriek of woe;
The tear of anguish mingles with their food,
The scanty morsel penury accords,
The stinted board their cruel lords assign;
Though oft the streaming eye to heaven is rais'd,
Their only hope—but "hope deferr'd
"Sickens the heart" and yields it to despair.
But not in vain the suppliant look is rais'd.
When has the God of mercy ever said
To Abram's seed, "Seek ye my aid in vain?"
Now when the cup of misery is full,
"Press'd down and running o'er," when hope is fled,
Behold the harbinger of peace and rest,
Of smiling liberty, and joy arrives;
Not with a glittering host of shields and spears,
Of faulchion'd horsemen, and of chariots gay;
But meekly with a shepherd's simple rod,
A mighty rod impregn'd with sovereign power
To shake the tyrant's kingdom to its base,
And bring forth the afflicted sons of God,

Exulting in his name from bondage freed;
Led on to fertile plains and flowing streams
Of milk and honey, crown'd with golden spoils.
While thick the dreadful shafts of vengeance fly
Through guilty Egypt—Israel stood secure;
They walk in light, though tenfold darkness shrouds
The genial ray from their oppressors' eyes;
But now suspended o'er the troubled coast,
The dreadful quiver trembles in the hand
Of Majesty divine, arous'd, incens'd,
That soon should strike their inmost soul with grief,
The hope of every house cut off by death.
Ere the destroying angel wields the sword
Of vengeance due, of havock and despair,
The chosen tribes are shelter'd from the stroke,
Pavillion'd in the arms of sovereign grace.
A tender lamb, the firstling of the flock,
Unblemish'd, fair and spotless as the light,
Is sever'd from the fondling mother's side,
Beneath the household knife it bleeds and dies.
Its blood, untainted, sprinkled on the door,
The seal of covenant love, securely shields
The happy inmates from the avenging storm.
While horror strides through hamlet, court, and cot,
The groaning realm, the aceldama of death;
Though thousands fall on every side aghast,
Peaceful they celebrate the Paschal feast;
The blood a seal, the flesh a rich repast;
Though bitter herbs unpleasant to the taste,
Must needs be blended with the savory meat.
Though leaning on their staffs they eating stand,
With girded loins, as symbols of the haste,
The urgent haste to lead from scenes of woe,
The curse of obduracy, the plagues of sin.

Blest type, in thee we see our bleeding Lamb,
The pure unblemished sacrifice for man;
For guilty worms, deserving well to die;
But sprinkled by his blood we stand secure
From fears by night, or flying shafts by day.
When injured justice whets the dreadful sword,
Though vengeance sweep ten thousands from our side,
Seen on the lintels of our steadfast hearts,
This blood, this precious blood will safely shield
From death eternal each believing soul.
Ah! let us grateful celebrate the feast,
The sweet memorial of the Saviour's love,
Feed on his flesh with tears of deep regret,
For sins that doom'd the Lamb of God to die.
While leaning on the promise of his grace,
The staff of faith shall well support our hands;
With girded loins as pilgrims waiting stand,
To hail the signal of release from sin,
From satan's galling chains and all our woe.
O blissful hour, when shall these longing eyes
Behold the King in all his glory crown'd?
When shall this fainting soul, that pants to taste
The wells of thy salvation, thence inhale
Full draughts of flowing grace, of peace, and joy,
Of boundless love, and bliss without alloy?

" Awake out of sleep, for now is our salvation nearer than when " we believed."

HIST! thou wild untoward ranger,
Fickle, wayward, faithless heart;
In this vale thou art a stranger,
Soon from hence thou must depart.

'Tis not joys so transitory,
Thy desires thus vast can fill;
Nought, save uncreated glory,
Love divine expanding still.

Why weak thing wilt thou be straying,
Wand'ring from the source of light,
Careless, listless, still delaying?
Wake, arise, 'twill soon be night.

Rouse thee sluggard, waste no longer
Precious time in idle toys,
Seek for grace to make thee stronger,
Grace to make thee good and wise.

See, thy path is straight and narrow,
Dangers press on every side;
Here a snare, and there an arrow,
Here a host, and there the tide.

Haste thee, lest by foes o'ertaken,
Cruel foes that seek thy life;
Thou to bitter pangs awaken,
Deep despair and deathful strife.

Now 'tis day, be up and doing,
Loiter not in folly's ways;
"One thing needful," still be wooing,
Soon shall prayer be chang'd to praise.

While such gifts are in thy keeping,
Life and fair unmingled joy;
Why art thou at play or sleeping,
Time and talent thus destroy?

Keep thee close to *him* that's calling,
"Watch and pray, for lo! I come;"
Save, O Lord, thy dust from falling,
Till renew'd and taken home.

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*ERRATUM.*

Page 37, line 2, for "falling" read fading.
47, line 4 from bottom, for "destruction" read detraction.
52, line 14, for "ghastly" read ghostly.
116, line 7, for "wander-loving" read wonder-loving.
116, line 9 from bottom, for "term'd" read teem'd.
128, line 14, for "trees' varied" read trees in varied.
129, line 4 from bottom, for "garbful" read guileful.